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Haughty Damsel: "I DID NOT SPEAK!"

Thompson: "OH, I THOUGHT YOU SAID 'THANKS'!"

[*Thompson thereupon installed himself within the first-class compartment so lately vacated by the ill-graced Young Miss. Fortunately, the delight engendered from his Three Castles cigarette—that cigarette without peer—did much to restore a better humour toward the Fairer Sex.*

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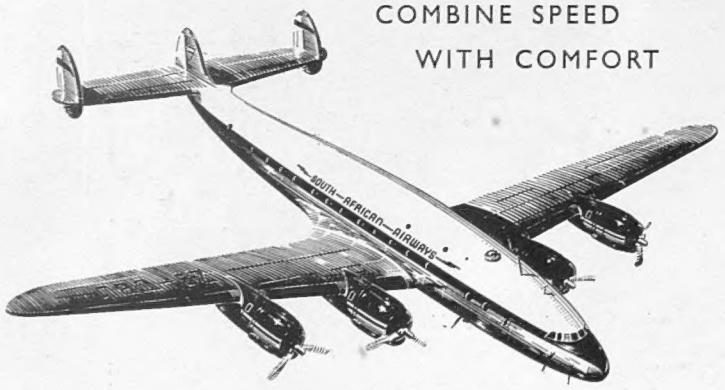

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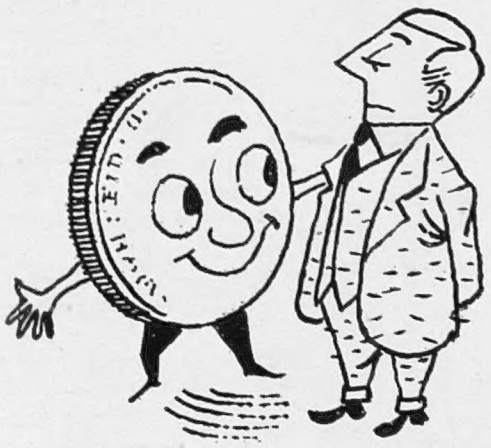

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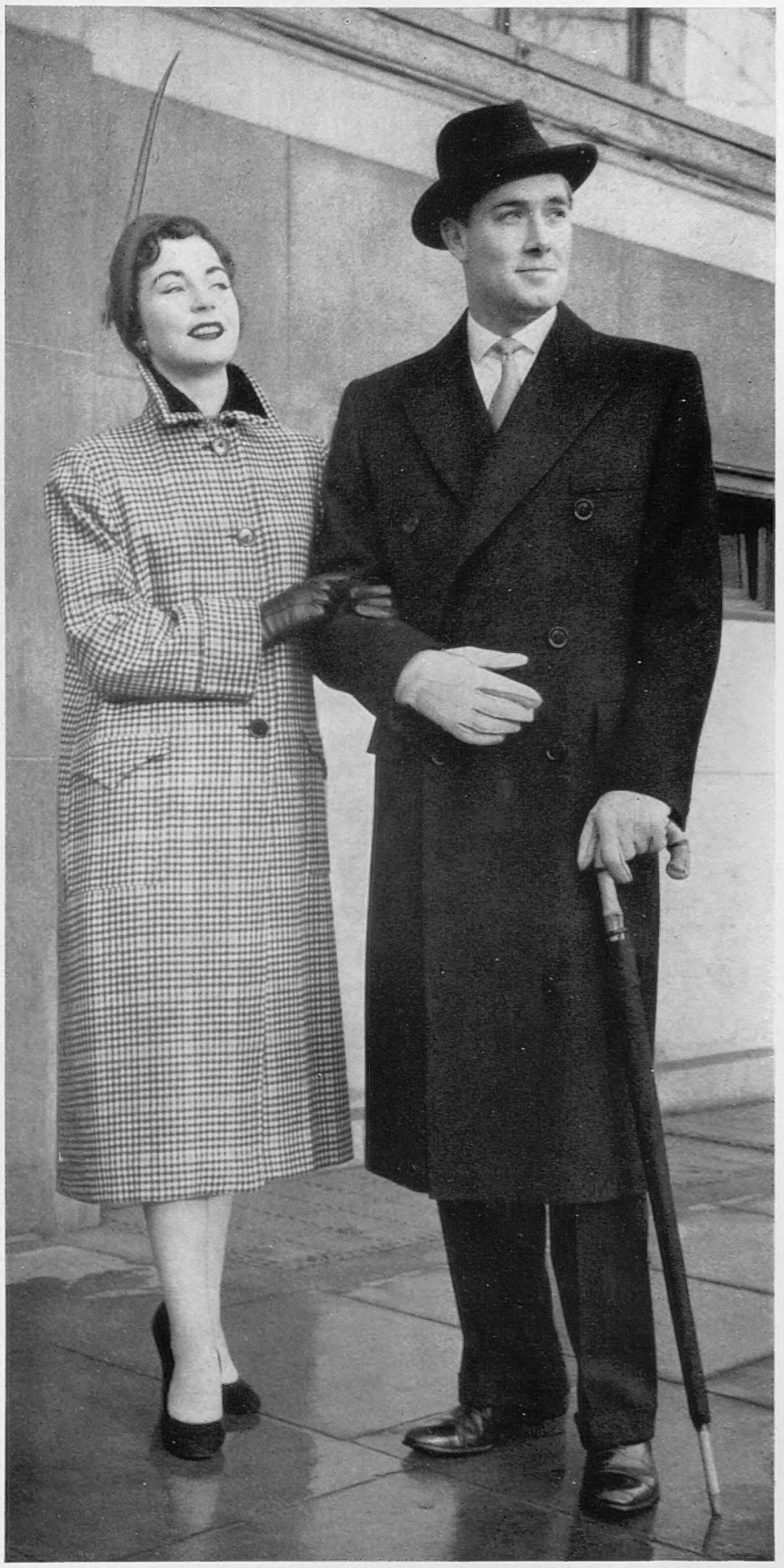

This Week's News from
BURBERRYS

This young woman's classic coat, in black/white/red overcheck, is tailored in Burberry Burscot Tweed with black velvet collar and patch pockets with flaps. The price is £28.13.2. Her escort wears a double breasted Town Chesterfield, made from fine dark grey Scotch Cheviot and available from £19.10.0. Also in loose-fitting, single breasted style.

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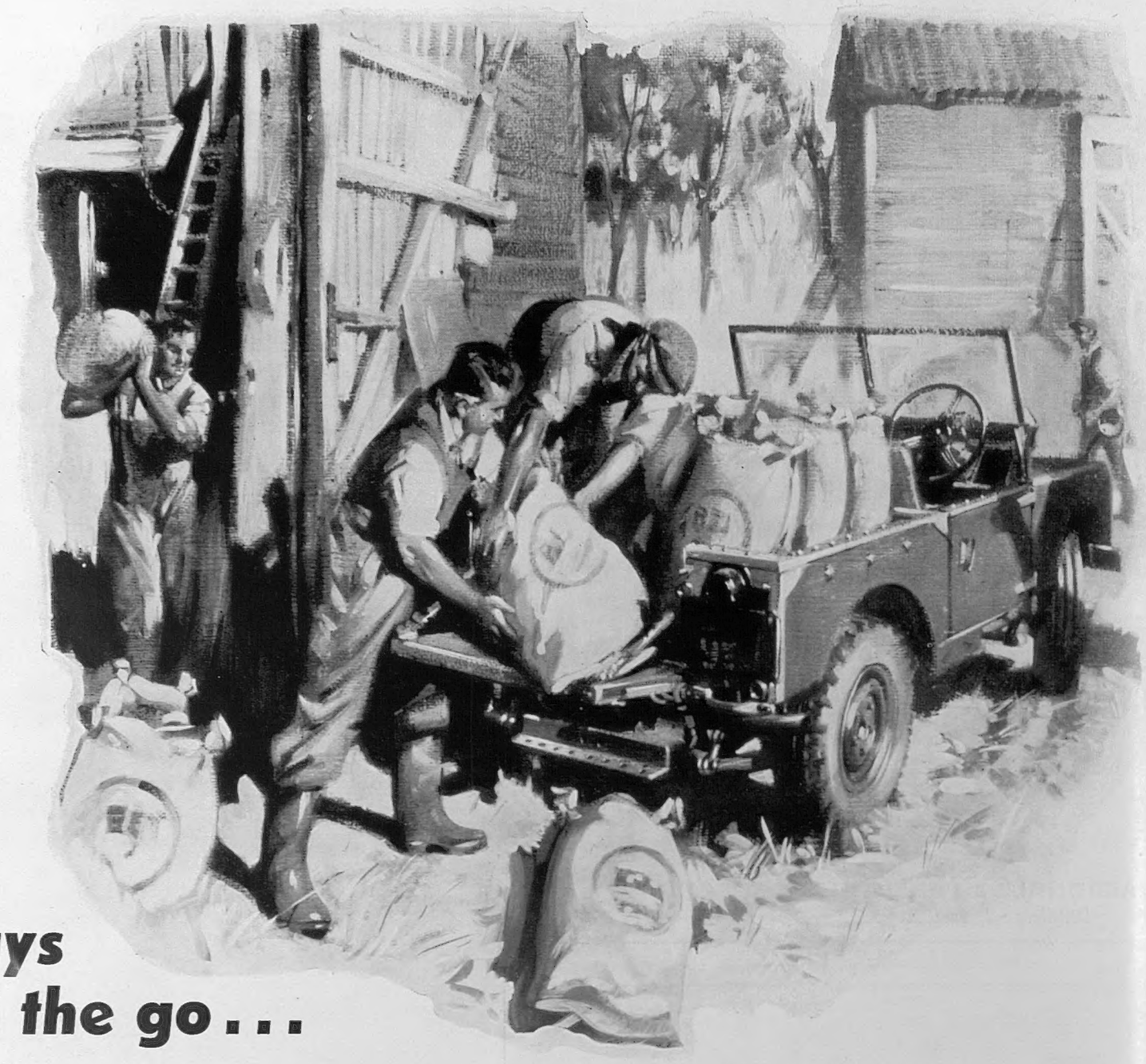

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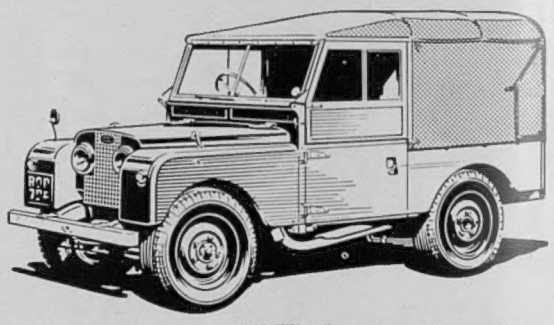

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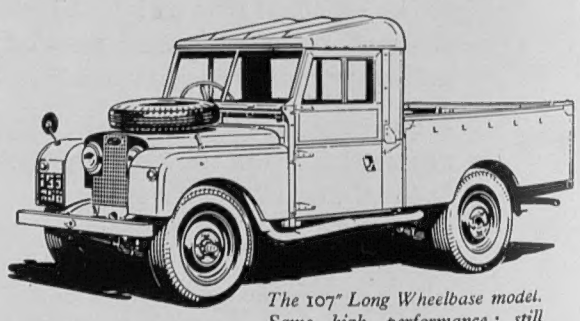

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The SPHERE, London, February 19, 1955

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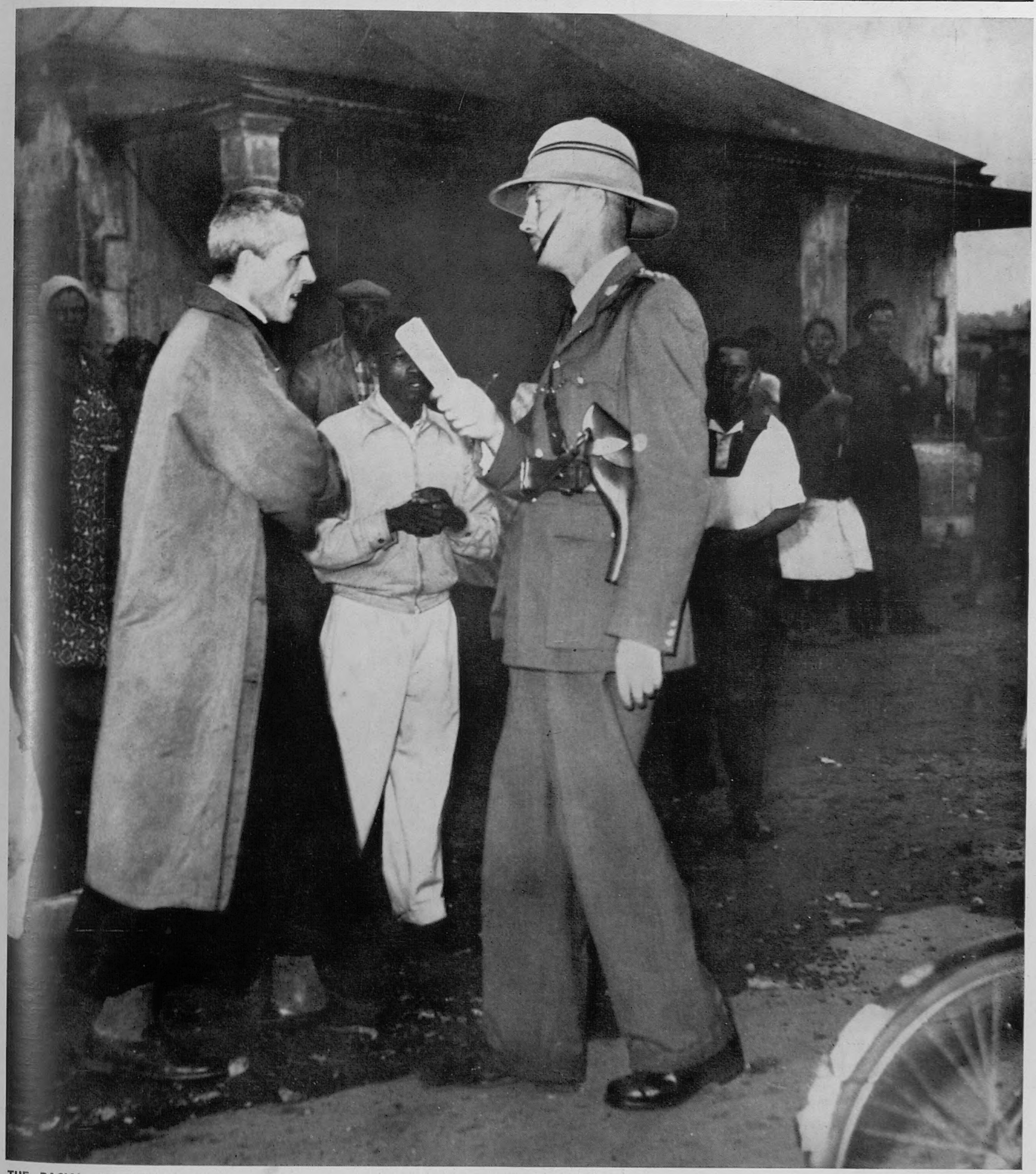

THE RACIAL PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA—FATHER HUDDLESTON, CHAMPION OF THE JOHANNESBURG NATIVES, IS WARNED BY THE POLICE AT SOPHIATOWN: An officer tells Father Trevor Huddleston to keep moving on the first day of the mass removal of African families from the western Johannesburg township. Father Huddleston, head of the Sophiatown Mission, and Chairman of the Western Areas Protest Committee, was warned by the authorities not to encourage violence.

In order to forestall organized opposition, the Native Resettlement Board in Johannesburg began the evacuation of the native township of Sophiatown three days early, and no opposition was met by the authorities. The removal of the African families to the new suburb of Meadowlands, eleven miles outside the city, is considered to be a corner-stone of the Native Affairs policy of the Union Government, and has been opposed with equal warmth by the champions of the natives' rights. A leader among these champions is Father Huddleston, of the Sophiatown Anglican Mission. When Mr. Swart, the Minister of Justice, gave his reasons for prohibiting public meetings, including church services, in Johannesburg for twenty days, he stated that there was evidence that Father Huddleston, among others, had incited young native hooligans to use violence to resist the evacuation of Sophiatown. Father Huddleston denied these and other allegations and said that, though he had always made clear his attitude towards the evacuation of the western areas, he had never encouraged violence. (Further pictures from Sophiatown appear on page 290.)

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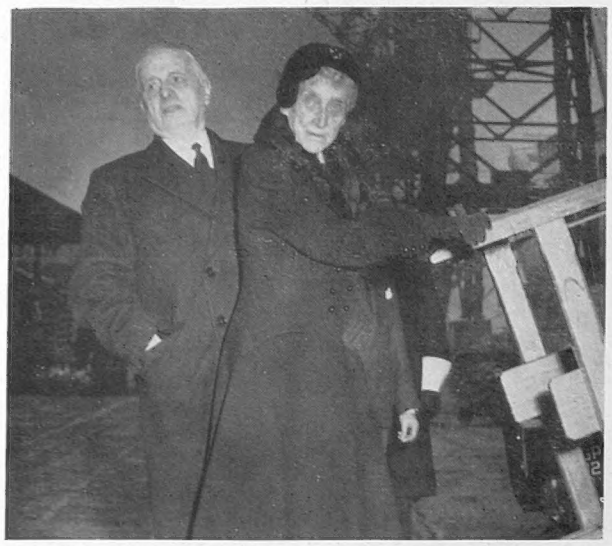
A ROYAL PASSENGER TO AFRICA



PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE EMBARKS AT LONDON'S ROYAL ALBERT DOCK : The eighty-two-year-old grand-daughter of Queen Victoria is seen going on board the Ellerman liner *City of York* for a trip round Africa to Beira, on the east coast, and back again. During the voyage she will be working on her autobiography, of which she has already completed between 20,000 to 25,000 words. At home the Princess dictates into a recording machine, but during the voyage she will write in long-hand. Princess Marie Louise expects to return to London by the end of April.

A GIFT FOR YOUNG LORD ESKDAILL

THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH RECEIVES A TOY RABBIT FOR HER SON : She accepted the present from Miss D. Brass, an occupational therapist, at Rosslynlee Hospital, when she opened the Mental Nursing Exhibition in J. and R. Allan's premises in South Bridge, Edinburgh. In a speech Lady Dalkeith said that the country needed more nurses to bring about more recoveries.

A NEW CHILDREN'S WARD IN LONDON

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER OPENS THE NEW CHILDREN'S WARD AT THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN AND ST. ELIZABETH, AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD : Dr. Griffin is seen with Philip Law who, when this picture was taken, was awaiting an eye operation. The new children's ward is the first of its kind to be built in London since the war. It accommodates eighteen children. Cost of building and equipping the ward (about £27,000) is being met by voluntary contributions.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

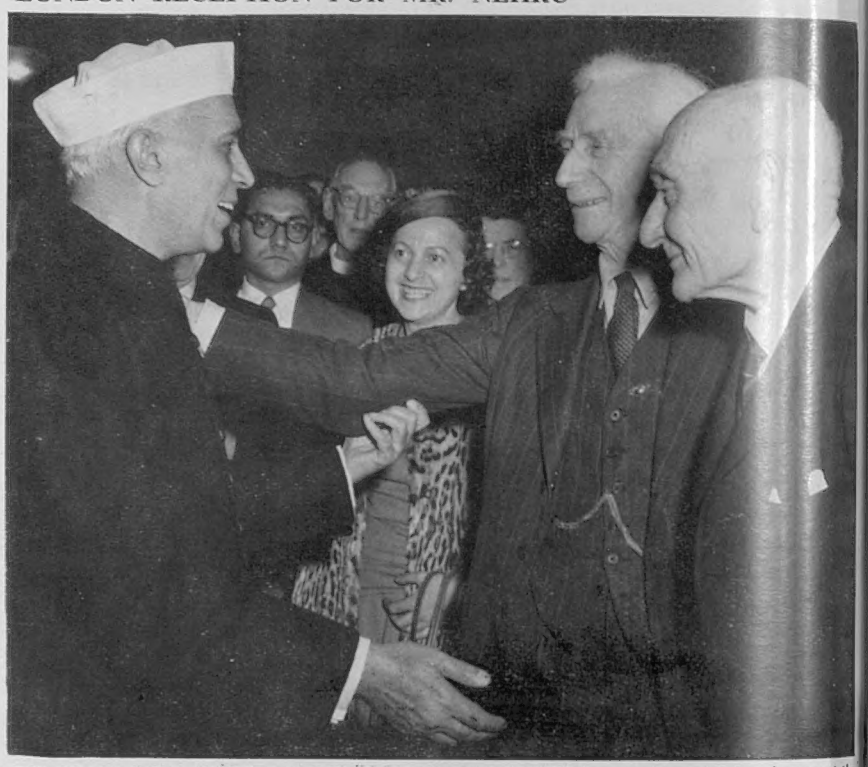
A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Malenkov.—Does Sir Winston tremble as Premiers tumble from power? I doubt it. Our constitution keeps our list of Premiers select and reasonably small. It is seldom that we have a battalion of living ex-premiers, as in France. In Russia, those who fall from power usually lose life as well. Mr. Malenkov's quiet departure wore that air of frank confession of failure, or worse, which sometimes precedes trial (so called) on a capital charge (as in Orwell's dream world of 1984). Malenkov is gone from the top. Perhaps he will continue to co-operate in the middle section. Perhaps Bulganin will prove a stop-gap only for Mr. Khruschev, who has switched allegiance from the old to the new Premier. Who knows, even among the pundits? What is clear is that all is not smooth in the Councils of the Kremlin, and that the economic plans and aims are not all so triumphantly successful as official trumpets bray out. (*Vide* Orwell again.) If the new plan is again guns and H.-bombs for butter and consumer goods (razor blades and such), as last trumpeted, we can only wait and see. Even guns, and certainly H.-bombs, have a long period of gestation. The Iron Curtain still keeps out a lot of the truth, but I feel sure that even totalitarian government has its difficulties and set-backs.

French Politicians.—The French politicians certainly play a game of chess which foreigners and well-wishers find it hard to understand and even excuse. Even those who understand most, and have conceded powerful justification for many of their moves, must find it hard to excuse the dismissal of one of the few French Premiers in modern times to implement election promises and to grapple with the tasks of rehabilitation, political, social and economic. M. France had succeeded in putting France back as a great European power and influence, in liquidating some of the age-old German nightmare, and in making probable, after years of dilly-dally, the ratification of Western defence measures against Communist aggression, a menace by no means receding. Now ratification is once more in the melting pot, France once more without a Government, and the chief office being hawked about among reluctant merchants of power, who promise too little or ask too much. Whatever may be History's final verdict of M. France as man and statesman, he looks to his foreign contemporaries, by comparison with most of recent leaders or premiers, to be of the stature of a Clemenceau—or a Bonaparte. He stuck it out, he kept the faith, he got things done. He achieved a number of improbables and served not only France but the cause of world peace. "Can 50,000,000 Frenchmen be wrong" and 500 professional chess-players always right? I hope and believe M. France will soon be heard of again and not be relegated to the sorry list of ex-premiers. He has many enemies, but the bulk of the nation believed in him and were proud of him. Have they no say in their own Government?

LONDON RECEPTION FOR MR. NEHRU



THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER IS WELCOMED TO THIS COUNTRY : Jawaharlal Nehru is seen at the Central Hall, in London, where he was given a public welcome. With the Premier are Bertrand Russell and Lord Pethick-Lawrence. Mr. Nehru was visiting England in connection with the Conference of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, which ended last week.

The Sole Link.—"And now (they said in 1930) the Sovereign remains the sole link and symbol which binds together the Commonwealth of free nations." That was after the Statute of Westminster, based on Balfour's declaration that "nothing would be gained by attempting to lay down a constitution for the British Empire." That was wisdom. As has been shown, there are other symbols, other links. And the word sovereign is, perhaps, more appropriate than Crown or Monarchy; for, indeed, the chief link is essentially *personal*, in the character of the Sovereign of the day. With George V, with George VI, with Elizabeth II, it was, and is, almost entirely personal. The characteristics of each Sovereign naturally differed. All alike had the power to attract, charm and evoke admiration and affection. A human link is stronger than a constitutional, and can be longer lived if good sovereign succeeds good sovereign. If it were not so, I suppose the Commonwealth Premiers would have accepted with more regret Pakistan's decision to declare herself a Republic, as did India. Republics within the Commonwealth may have sounded like a contradiction in terms, even as late as 1931. To-day the phrase is accepted as no contradiction and carries no loss of status or advantages. The latter are as many as the responsibilities. The first and greatest link to-day is the young Queen and her family, and very personal it is. There have been already discovered since 1930 other strong links and symbols. No member state of the Commonwealth, small or great, is likely to wish to forgo the advantages of this unwritten constitution, or the attractions of the personal link.

A Great and New Idea?—General MacArthur, in retirement after a bellicose, contentious life of soldiering, had a brain wave. He suggested that the only way of securing world peace was to abolish war. Lord Cecil, a bonny fighter for peace, read the news and unequivocally applauded the idea. As did Gilbert Murray and others. No use to make defence pacts or pile up armaments. You must *abolish* war. All great ideas for the betterment of mankind are very simple, if you look into them. The tapering end for a wax or tallow candle to hold it in its candlestick, as an example, is perfectly simple. But why did nobody think of it before? The doubt about MacArthur's brain wave, in my mind, is its originality—and its effectiveness. I believe there are other claimants for the big idea, back to Methuselah. To go no further back than to H. G. Wells or Arthur Ponsonby, I seem to remember both of them ventilating the notion, and I thought the idea had been tried out in the League of Nations and its later organisations. But it didn't work, and so we got defence pacts and stock-piles. This candle still wobbles in its socket. Perhaps it isn't tapered enough; perhaps too much. Perhaps MacArthur has a new formula. But will it work? I should be in favour of abolishing war. I am all for the counsel of the old men. How do we go about it? Do we just abolish war? Well, why don't we? "Curiouser and curiouser," said Alice. I, too, live in Wonderland.

Defining Obscenity.—The Society of Authors have drafted a bill to define "obscenity" in publications more in tune with modern thought and values, and to cut out dead wood and consolidate in one useful measure the whole complicated and contentious subject. Horror, cruelty and violence are included in the definition. The Home Secretary has given it his blessing and promises, so far as he can, to help it through the House. But, of course, if it ever grows into an Act, it will be after a rough passage and many truncations and revisions. For the subject is complicated and contentious to a degree. The new "offence" will become statutory. The misdemeanour of obscene libel will disappear. The question of intention will be very important, and the Courts will have to hear evidence of possible corrupting influence, opinion from experts on literary "merit," from scientists on scientific value, and evidence also on the class of person likely to read it. Experts proverbially disagree. The Courts will be hard put to it to find the even mean between "sheer genius," "art in its highest form," or "sheer filth," "commercial pornography." Do not you and I have the same difficulty in choosing from our libraries new novels hailed as "masterpieces" which (to you and me) turn out to be dingy records of drunkenness and promiscuity among a circle of dingy-whites, earning the contempt

of some colony of primitive natives for the white man and his rule? I don't think the Bill will sail smoothly through the Commons. I don't think a right judgement will come easily to the Courts. But if the Bill becomes Law in some recognizable form, it may bring into the dock some horror literature and at least deter for a time some of the "recklessness" of authors and publishers who, at present, can drive a coach and four through the mass of "old junk" legislation and well afford any penalty likely to come to them, writing it off against profitable publicity. We live in an age when realism is art and reticence barbarism.

"A Lamb on Wall Street."—Domestic quarrels among one or two of the companies in which I hold a modest stake are compelling me to take a mild interest in my investments. The Borax fight for ownership, between that company and American interests, has supplied me with many facts about our concern contained in "newsletters" from our Chairman intended to justify the Boards' refusal of the tempting offers from the U.S. (also circulated among us). And now the P. & O., rivals in *its* domestic quarrel, supply us—the proprietors—with a score of interesting facts or promises or suggestions which perhaps we should have nosed out for ourselves long ago. But I was always a "lamb on Wall Street" and have seldom followed the good advice of a stock-broker. My path has usually been the safe path of Government stock, investment trust debentures or preferred stock, and so on. And sometimes I have regretted adherence to *preferred* stock instead of a "gamble" in *deferred*. If one takes any risk in equities, why not choose the risk with the potential profits? For example, I studied the report of one of my trust companies, an interesting economic history. In the last ten years its gross income has regularly risen, without set-back, from £140,000 to £234,000. Its expenses have risen hardly at all. Taxation has *more than doubled*. The preferred stock has received regularly its modest 5 per cent. The deferred dividend has increased from 6 per cent. to 15 per cent., while the deferred *earnings* have trebled. And now the company sits pretty, indeed, with strong reserves and the thought of a capital distribution; in which this lamb of a preferred stockholder is not likely to find himself in the money. What a packet of money some people must have made in the last decade!

"Foul and Filthy Air."—Mr. Nabarro's little Bill for smog abatement is not enough for the Government, which promises even bigger business. The problem of smog abatement is full of complicated logistics. The right fuel must be available at the right place, inducements to modernise furnaces must be based on economic facts and proofs, pollution of the air must be hammered in to all concerned as being something more than unsocial, as more than a misdemeanour; as the crime which it is, potential mass-manslaughter. The Government promises a Bill as soon as possible after all these matters have been examined. I hope it may be exhaustive and comprehensive, not panic-patchwork. For the foul discharges, so bad for human lungs and health, are not without virtues. They could be (have been) converted into heat units for the benefit of blocks of factories and homes. Something of the sort in the last few years has made winter car-driving a pleasure instead of a misery. Given research, there is no need to throw smog away, when money can be saved and lives made more endurable by sending it where it is needed.

Our Lost Line.—Some of my family attended the melancholy ceremony of the last run of our little local railway line between Petersfield and Midhurst. I used it regularly more than sixty years ago. It brought us as children from London to Midhurst for our regular Christmas visits to a lovely house near by, and in the last twenty years I have daily watched its wisps of smoke winding under the downs, while I shaved. Its little stations were usually inconveniently placed for the villages they served. Rogate and Harting folk had a long trudge home from Nyewood. Elsted folk were more fortunate. Midhurst enjoyed two stations. The siting of the stations was not always due to "salubrity or reasons of defence centuries before the railway era." The great West Sussex landlords, who did so much to keep West Sussex from suburbanisation, had their say in the matter. And now the narrow track will grow grass, and, perhaps, for a year or two more, I shall stand upon it (without fear of interruption) to shoot pheasants. I am sorry the track has lost its old purpose and can be put to no better use henceforth. It was for me a pleasant memory of half-forgotten childhood.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

EXPLORING THE ANTARCTIC

The Story of South Polar Exploration; the Background of the New Expeditions.

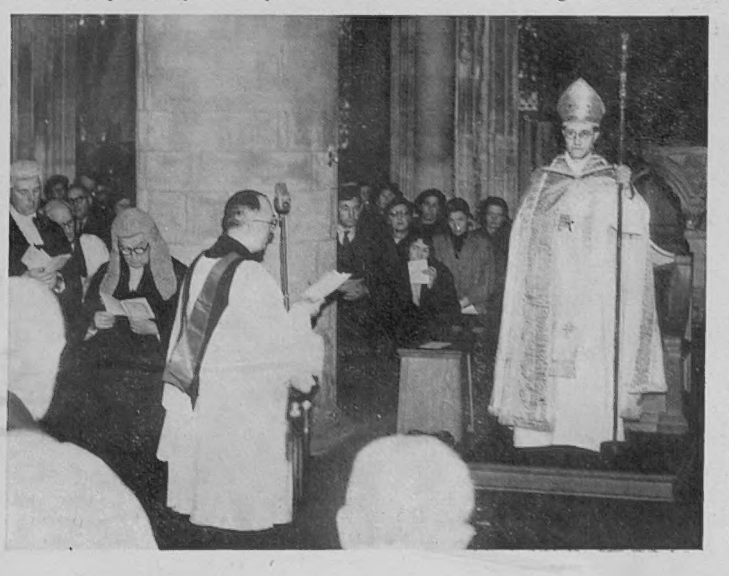
By E. A. A. SHACKLETON, M.P., with Drawings by Victor Coverley-Price, Photographs and a Map of the "Unknown Continent," Showing the Routes of Earlier Expeditions

CONCERTS FOR GLASGOW'S SECONDARY SCHOOLCHILDREN.

2,500 SCHOOLCHILDREN ATTEND A CONCERT GIVEN BY THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA AT THE ST. ANDREW'S HALLS: Twelve concerts for secondary schoolchildren are given each year by the Orchestra under the auspices of Glasgow Education Department, in an effort to encourage musical appreciation and understanding. Before each concert the children, aged between twelve and seventeen, have preliminary talks in their schools about the music to be performed, and there is a similar lesson after the concert. Begun in 1923, "the concerts," says Mr. J. G. Barr, the Superintendent of Music, "aim to provide players for school and amateur orchestras and to build up an informed adult audience for orchestral concerts." Some indication of the success of these concerts for Glasgow's children is the fact that the average age of the audience attending performances given by the Scottish National Orchestra has dropped from forty to twenty.

OXFORD'S NEW BISHOP ENTHRONED IN CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

THE RIGHT REV. HARRY J. CARPENTER GOES IN PROCESSION TO THE ENTHRONEMENT SERVICE: Pastoral Staff in hand, he is accompanied by his chaplains and the Chancellor and Registrar, officers of the Consistory Court, as he makes his way from Tom Tower to the west door of the Cathedral. There he was met by the Dean and Canons of Christ Church, who accompanied him to the Sanctuary for the first part of the service. Then followed the prayers spoken by the Dean, after which the new Bishop took the oath to maintain the rights and privileges of the Cathedral church. For the next part of the service the Bishop was led to the Throne, close to the shrine of St. Frideswide, where (*on left*) he was inducted into the "real, actual and corporal possession" of the Bishopric of Oxford, by the Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Venerable Alexander Sargent. The service, which was relayed to another congregation in the near-by church of St. Aldate, closed with the singing of the *Te Deum*. In his address the new Bishop commented on the size of his diocese and the strain of travelling it entailed, and the problems which faced the diocese because of rapid industrialisation. He stressed the fact that the Church had to see that social developments were not left to drift free of Christian influence. The Right Rev. H. J. Carpenter, who succeeds the late Dr. Kenneth Kirk as thirty-eighth Bishop of the Diocese, was formerly Warden of Keble, a position he had held since 1939. He had been appointed a tutor of the college in 1927 and a Fellow in 1930.



A ROYAL WEDDING IN PORTUGAL

The Union of the Yugoslav and Italian Royal Families at Cascais was an Occasion for a Grand Assembly of European Royalty

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: Princess Maria Pia, daughter of ex-King Umberto of Italy, is with Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia at a reception before their wedding last Sunday at Cascais, in Portugal. Some 2,500 guests crowded into the small town, 16 miles from Lisbon. Members of European Royal Houses were present.

THE ROYAL HOSTS: Greeting their guests at the reception before the wedding are, from left to right—Prince Alexander, Princess Maria Pia, ex-Queen Marie José and ex-King Umberto of Italy, the bride's parents, and Princess Olga of Greece, the mother of the bridegroom.

A GATHERING OF EUROPEAN ROYALTY: Among the many Royal guests at the weddi was the Duchess of Aosta, seen standing in the centre of this picture of t reception. The Duchess is the widow of the last Italian Viceroy of Abyssini

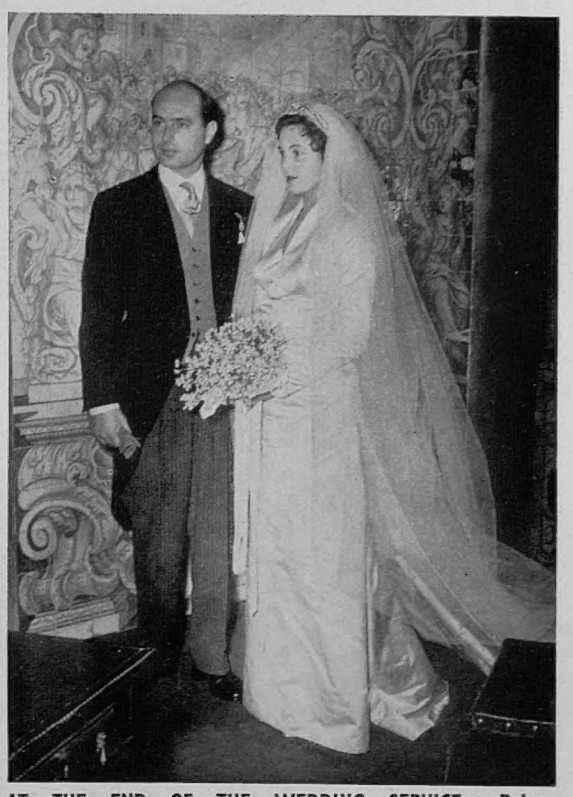
On February 12, Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia married Princess Maria Pia of Italy in the little town of Cascais, in Portugal. It was an occasion for which 2,500 guests were invited, among them 100 members of the Royal Houses of Europe. These Royal guests included the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Kent a Princess Alexandra. The bride is the daugh of ex-King Umberto of Italy and crowds Italians surrounded the church and shout "Long live the King" as she went to t service with her father.

A "KING" OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY POWER: M. Gulbenkian, the oil magnate, and his wife mixed with guests of historic royal titles.

TWO GUESTS FROM BRITAIN: Lieut.-Colonel Norman Fraser, the Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Lisbon, wore a kilt. With him is Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander.

AN EX-KING'S SISTER: Princess Marie de Bourbon Par is the sister of ex-King Umberto of Italy. She is s here being greeted at the reception by the Count de B

THE FAMILY GROUP : The bride and bridegroom with their parents. From left to right are Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, Princess Olga, Prince Alexander, Princess Maria Pia, ex-Queen Marie Jose and ex-King Umberto of Italy. Since the bride is a Roman Catholic and the bridegroom Orthodox, a dispensation was given by the Pope.



AT THE END OF THE WEDDING SERVICE : Prince Alexander and Princess Maria Pia stand in the sacristy at Cascais at the end of the ceremony.

CHEERING CROWD : Police had to hold back several thousands of spectators who had assembled round the church to cheer the Royal wedding.

INSIDE THE CHURCH : The scene shortly before the arrival of the bride. The building was only large enough to hold 600 of the 2,500 guests. Seated in front are the European Royalties. On the right-hand side, sitting next to the aisle, is the Duchess of Kent. Next to her are two of her children, the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra.

DURING THE CEREMONY : The bride and bridegroom kneel before the high altar. The Bridesmaids were eighty Italian girls. The guests for whom there was not room in the church were accommodated in an enclosure outside.

THE REGISTER IS SIGNED : Prince Alexander and Princess Maria Pia signed the register before a battery of cameras in the sacristy of the Church of Nossa Senhora da Assuncao in Cascais. Outside crowds of Italians had shouted "Long live the King and Princess."

PRINCESS MARGARET ARRIVES IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ISLANDS OF THE WEST INDIES : She is seen being greeted by the Governor of the Windward Islands, Sir Edward Beetham, on her arrival at St. George's, in Grenada. The Princess, who had made the journey from Tobago in the Royal yacht *Britannia*, was welcomed in the harbour by hundreds of islanders in small craft. Soon after landing, Princess Margaret attended a service at St. George's Anglican Cathedral. Bad weather spoiled several ceremonies at St. George's, notably the reception at Queen's Park, and a garden party at Government House.

PRINCESS MARGARET TOURS THE BRITISH WEST INDIES

Gay Scenes in Trinidad and Beyond in the Early Days of the Princess's Month-long Visit to the Caribbean

NATIVE DANCES FOR THE PRINCESS IN TRINIDAD : Their colourful skirts whirling, these native girls perform the intricate movements of the "Belair"—a traditional dance—during the early days of the Princess's visit to Trinidad. Before leaving the island the Princess made an aerial tour of Trinidad, flying for some time over the oilfields near San Fernando. As she flew off from Trinidad for Tobago, a police band played "Will ye no' come back again?" At San Fernando Princess Margaret opened the town's new Colonial Hospital which has been described as the best in the West Indies.

On right—YOUNG CHILDREN OF SAN FERNANDO AWAIT THE PRINCESS : They had donned native costume in readiness for the long-awaited visit to Skinner Park at San Fernando, a township about forty miles from Port of Spain. It is also the centre of Trinidad's oil and sugar industry. At Skinner Park Princess Margaret was welcomed by about 25,000 people, among them thousands of schoolchildren who entertained their Royal visitor with songs and a gymnastic display. Indian children gave a performance of Scottish dancing, while a Negro girls' choir sang "The Bells of Aberdovey" and "The Ash Grove."

WAITING FOR THE PRINCESS IN GRENADA : A section of the vast crowd in the southernmost island of the Windward's focus their attention on a police horse.

SOME OF THE PEOPLE OF ST. GEORGE'S WHO WENT OUT INTO THE HARBOUR TO GREET THE ROYAL TRAVELLER : They cheered the Princess as she made her way in a launch from the *Britannia* to the landing-stage. Church bells were rung in honour of the visit, and a Royal salute was fired as the *Britannia* arrived at the harbour.

A BOUQUET AT SAN FERNANDO : Six-year-old Mona Jackman takes her presentation as the Princess arrives to open the new hospital. One of the decorative banners at this township was inscribed with the words "San Fernando takes you to their hearts."

A GIFT AT TOBAGO : A young girl prepares to present a bouquet to the Princess during her one-day stay on the island. In Scarborough, Tobago's chief town, Princess Margaret unveiled a stone which will act as the foundation-stone for a new Secondary School.

AT THE STATE BANQUET AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD : This was the occasion when Princess Margaret's hair was dressed in the "Empress Josephine" style—loosely curled at the front, but upswept from the back. Her gown is of embroidered white silk organza. The banquet was given by the Governor, Sir Hubert Rance.

THE EVACUATION OF SOPHIATOWN

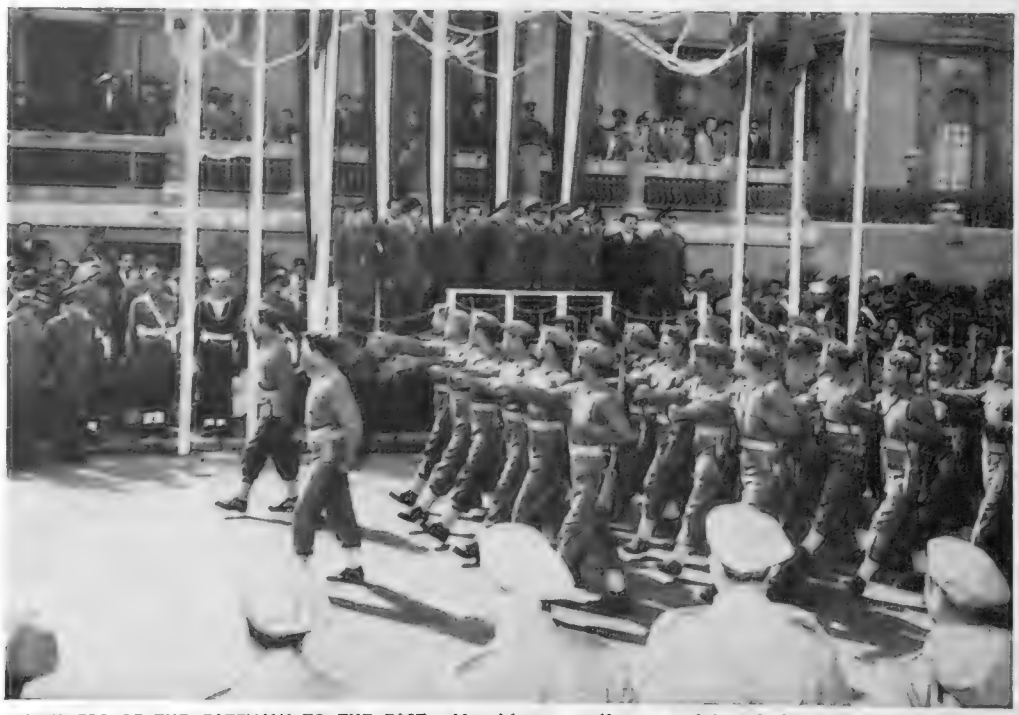
THE BREAK-UP OF JOHANNESBURG'S AFRICAN TOWNSHIP: Two aspects of the evacuation from Sophiatown. *On left*—A demolition squad uses crowbars to attack one of the evacuated houses. Earlier, anti-rodent squads had operated with cyanide gas pumps. *On right*—An African family moves into its new home at Meadowlands.

An impressive assembly of European and African police arrived in Sophiatown at 3.30 a.m. one morning last week, and three hours later the first batch of 150 African families had begun to move to the new Government-built housing estate at Meadowlands, eleven miles away. Without any disturbances the move, long awaited with expectancy by all South Africa, went according to the plans of the Native Resettlement Board. Police, armed with rifles and automatic weapons, were posted all along the route to Meadowlands, as well as in all the streets in Sophiatown involved in the move. Most of the African families seemed glad to move, although they were worried about the cost of getting to work in Johannesburg and paying the new rents. A number of families, estimated at about one-fifth of those who should have been evacuated, refused to move to the new area, and as a form of protest left their homes and settled in a near-by mission school. The Deputy Commissioner of Police stated that "nobody was being compelled to move." Altogether 60,000 Africans will be moved from Sophiatown. The new houses in Meadowlands are said to have water and sewerage, but no electricity. The school there is already in use, and postal and transport facilities are being arranged. The great removal from Sophiatown has begun quietly: when it is completed, a major step in the policy of Apartheid will have been tak

THE EVACUATION OF THE TACHENS

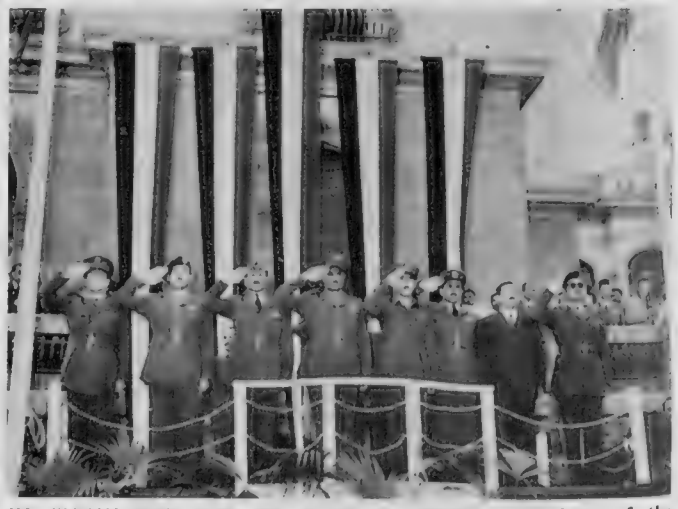
THE YOUNGER CHIANG WATCHES THE OPERATION: Chiang Ching-kuo, son of General Chiang Kai-shek, on one of the Tachen islands with other Nationalist commanders during the successful evacuation under cover of the United States Seventh Fleet. From left are Admiral Liang Hsu-chiao, commander-in-chief of the Nationalist Navy; Chiang Ching-kuo; and General David Yu, Nationalist Minister of Defence; and on the extreme right is Major-General John McDonald, of the U.S. Army. The evacuation of the Tachens was completed without incident, and twenty-four hours after the last of the Chinese Nationalist forces had left the off-shore islands Communist troops moved in to occupy them. General Chiang Kai-shek described the evacuation as "a blow to our morale."

READY TO LEAVE THE TACHENS: Carrying their full equipment, Chinese Nationalist soldiers are seen squatting on the beach at one of the Upper Tachens awaiting a vessel to take them off. In the background, at right, a line of troops can be seen filing aboard a landing-craft.



DEFENDERS OF THE GATEWAY TO THE EAST: Marching proudly past eight of the ten members of the Revolutionary Council, these Egyptian troops will be the first to take over vital military installations in the Suez Canal Zone when the evacuation of British troops is completed. Meanwhile, arrangements are being made for the maintenance of the base by certain British contractors.

THE EVACUATION OF THE SUEZ CANAL



NO ELBOW-ROOM FOR THE EGYPTIAN CABINET: Members of the Egyptian Revolutionary Council find difficulty in raising their arms to salute as Egyptian troops, who are to take over Canal Zone installations from British troops, march past in Cairo. From left are Lieut.-Colonel Zakaria Mohieddin, Minister of the Interior; Lieut.-Colonel Hussein Shafei, Minister of Social Affairs; Wing-Commander Abdel Latif Boghdadi, Minister for Municipal and Rural Affairs; the Prime Minister, Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser; Major-General Abdel Hakim Amer, War Minister; Wing-Commander Hassan Ibrahim, Minister of State for the Presidency of the Republic; Major Kamal ed-din Hussein, Minister of Education; and Major Salah Salem, Egypt's Minister of National Guidance.

THE NEW ORDER IN MOSCOW

Marshal Bulganin Succeeds as Soviet Prime Minister, After Mr. Malenkov's Resignation Last Week

THE NEW POWER IN THE LAND: Marshal Nikolai Bulganin, right, who was appointed to succeed Mr. Georgi Malenkov as Soviet Prime Minister, seen with Mr. Nikita Khrushchev in Peking last October. Mr. Khrushchev, who is First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, is believed by some to hold the real power in Russia.

THE OLD AND THE NEW PREMIER, AND THE MAN IN BETWEEN: The leading characters in the Moscow drama in the Præsidium Box at the Supreme Soviet, in the Kremlin, their eyes cast down as Mr. Malenkov's resignation is announced. From left are Marshal Bulganin, Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Malenkov.

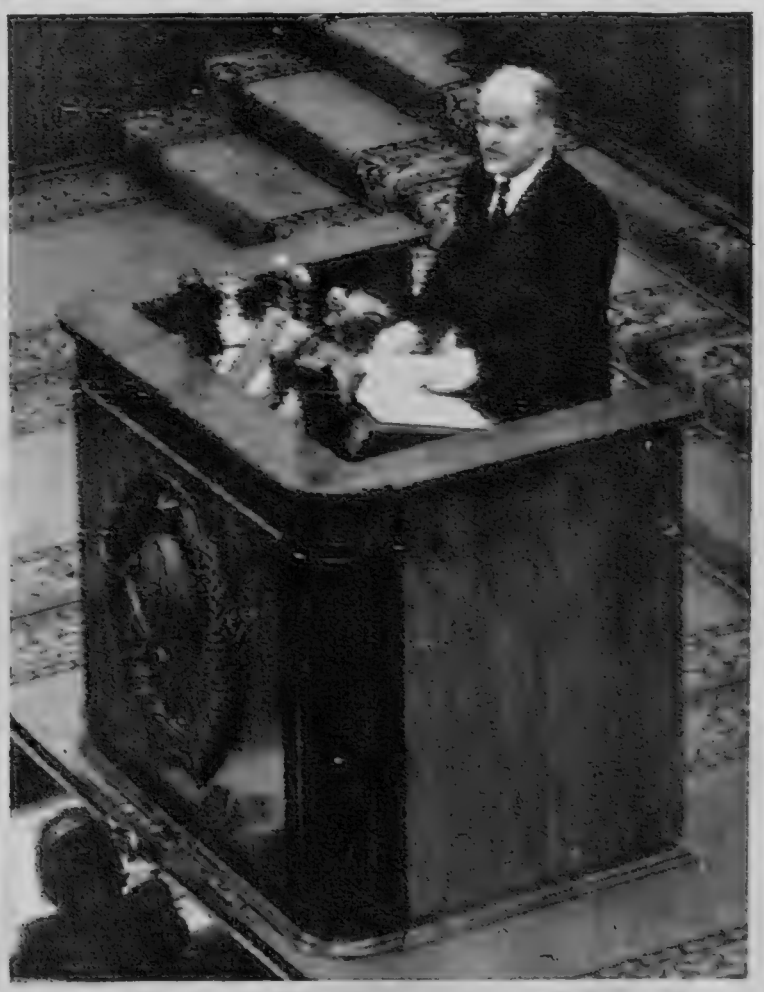
FOR THE DEFENCE MINISTRY: Marshal Georgi Zhukov, victor of Stalingrad and leader of the Russian armies which took Berlin, was appointed the new Defence Minister.

The sparsity of real information about the mentality of Soviet leaders was well illustrated last week when the most varied interpretations were placed on the resignation of the Chairman of the Soviet Council of Ministers, Mr. Malenkov. Many believe that it is an admission of failure on the part of those associated with a more liberal regime after the death of Stalin. The importance of heavy industry rather than consumer goods, which has been stressed for some months now, is seen as evidence that a new "get-tough" regime is being inaugurated. The fall of Mr. Malenkov is regarded as a triumph for Mr. Khrushchev, the apparently all-powerful Secretary of the Communist Party. At the same time, the emergence of Marshal Bulganin as Premier and Marshal Zhukov as Defence Minister, together with the Soviet President, Marshal Voroshilov, gives a martial aspect to the Soviet leadership.

Quite another interpretation of the events is that the resignation of Mr. Malenkov indicates how really liberal the Soviet Union is becoming. It is pointed out that the ex-Premier has not been purged, but is, on the contrary, busying himself with power stations in Siberia. The resignation, it is argued, is really aimed at Mr. Khrushchev, and the struggle within the party leadership is likely to continue.

Whatever interpretation is accepted, the fact remains that the most vital political change since the death of Stalin has taken place, and the Western world immediately wonders how this might lead to the easing of world tension. The careers of the new leaders give little clue. Marshal Bulganin has for long been, in a way, Mr. Herbert Morrison's counterpart in Russia. An orthodox party man, he gained great distinction as Mayor of Moscow. An untiring organiser, he was responsible for the civil defence of the Moscow area in 1941. In addition, Marshal Bulganin came to command the armies facing the Germans outside Moscow, and it was through this that he attained high military rank. Since the war he has always been a leading figure in the counsels of the Soviet hierarchy. Marshal Zhukov has had a more turbulent career, and has not always been in favour with the political commissars. His wartime exploits have brought him into contact with Allied military leaders, including President Eisenhower, and it may be expected that he will bring a soldier's realism to the Kremlin.

THE DELEGATES TO THE SUPREME SOVIET LEARN OF THE CHANGES IN THE LEADERSHIP: A section of the large crowd of delegates assembled in the Kremlin for the meeting of the Supreme Soviet. Very noticeable is the large proportion of women in the auditorium.



NO CHANGE FOR MR. MOLOTOV: The Soviet Foreign Minister addressing the Supreme Soviet soon after Mr. Malenkov's resignation. Mr. Molotov claimed that Russia was supreme in the development of hydrogen weapons.

FROM EAST AND WEST

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT NEWS EVENTS IN THE FAR EAST, EUROPE, AND THE MIDDLE EAST

RUSSIA COMES ON THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCENE: Mr. Y. N. Sukthankar, Secretary of the Indian Cabinet, speaking at the signing in Delhi of an Indo-Soviet Agreement for the construction of a steel plant. To his right is Mr. S. S. Khera, Secretary of the Indian Ministry of Production, and to his left the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. M. A. Menshikov. The steel plant, which will be located in the Bhilai region of Madhya Pradesh, will have an initial capacity of 1,000,000 tons of ingots to be rolled into 750,000 tons of steel products. The plant and equipment will be supplied by the Soviet Union and will be paid for in twelve annual instalments, with a rate of interest of 2½ per cent. per annum. The total cost of nearly £70,000,000 will include the cost of developing the site and the setting up of a township and other facilities. This is believed to be the first time that the Soviet Union has undertaken a building programme of this kind in a non-Communist country, and the acceptability of the low tender and the generous terms offered show that considerable importance is attached to this form of international assistance.

WESTERN NATIONS PARTICIPATE IN AN INDONESIAN RAILWAY PROJECT: The last of 298 railway coaches built in France, Austria and the Netherlands is shipped aboard the Dutch cargo-vessel *Sumatra* at Amsterdam. It is part of an order for the Indonesian Railways, and was shipped to Jakarta. The completion of the order and the international co-operation involved was marked by decorating the carriage with the flags of the three nations.

JAPANESE MONKS COMMEMORATE GANDHI: Two Japanese Buddhist monks at the shrine of Mahatma Gandhi in Delhi. On the seventh anniversary of Gandhi's assassination, when all India observed a two-minutes silence, the monks prayed at the shrine for three hours, beating their religious drums and reciting holy verses. The monks, Jatusu Matsuyama, left, and Gopal Matsuyama, were making one of their pilgrimages to India at the time. It was on January 30, 1948, that Gandhi was killed as he walked to a prayer meeting in Delhi. Three shots had been fired at him at point-blank range by a Hindu Brahmin. Each year the anniversary of his death is commemorated.

THE FUNERAL OF DENMARK'S PREMIER: Members of the Danish Parliament acted as pall-bearers at the funeral of Hr. Hans Hedtoft in Copenhagen. In front are, left, Hr. H. C. Hansen, the new Prime Minister, and right, Hr. Ejler Jensen, leader of the Labour Party. Among the 1,800 people present at the funeral was King Frederik of Denmark and the Prime Ministers of Norway, Sweden, Finland and Iceland. Hedtoft, who was fifty-one, died in Stockholm while leading his country's delegation to the meeting of the Nordic Council. He had been twice Prime Minister.

On right—

PRESIDENT PAASIKIVI OPENS A NEW SESSION OF THE FINNISH DIET: The Finnish President delivering his speech to the opening session of the Finnish Diet in Helsinki. On the balcony can be seen members of the Diplomatic Corps. Before the opening ceremony the members of the Diet attended a service at the Spurkirkko. The President's speech contained no reference to foreign affairs, and dealt only with domestic issues. Among these was the introduction of a Bill regularising hours to be worked in bakeries. The Finnish Parliament consists of a single chamber of 200 members. The Diet House, which was completed in 1931, is built of Finnish granite. It is one of the showpieces of Helsinki, a city proud of its modern and individual architecture.

THE MARSHAL MEETS THE COLONEL : Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser and Marshal Tito smile from the Yugoslav cruiser *Galeb* at the crowds in launches on the Suez Canal. The Egyptian Prime Minister had gone aboard at Suez to greet the Yugoslav President, who was on his way home after visiting India and Burma.

PRESIDENT TITO ENTERTAINS : An informal occasion aboard the cruiser *Galeb* as she passed through the Suez Canal. President Tito and his advisers, at right, face the Egyptian leaders who had come to pay a call on him. They are, from left, Dr. Mohamed Fawzi, the Foreign Minister ; Lieut.-Colonel Zakaria Mohieddin, Minister of the Interior ; Colonel Nasser, the Prime Minister ; and Major-General Abdel Hakim Amer, War Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Armed Forces. President and Prime Minister had talks lasting six hours while the Yugoslav cruiser sailed up the Canal, and before Colonel Nasser went ashore at Ismailia. A joint statement said that the two heads of State exchanged views on international problems of direct interest to the two nations, with particular regard to Egyptian-Yugoslav relations. Increasing efforts would be made to take advantage of the existing close relations between Yugoslavia and Egypt and the possibilities for the further and even more favourable development of these relations. Marshal Tito accepted an invitation to visit Egypt in the autumn. He returned to Yugoslavia after an absence of nearly two months.

FRANCE'S BIGGEST BRIDGE UNDERGOES A TEST : Lorries loaded with sand assemble on the newly-built bridge which spans the Rivers Eure and Seine at Pont du l'Arche, near Vernon, in Normandy. The bridge is more than 1,348 ft. long, and is said to be the biggest in France. It was officially opened by M. Mendès-France, then Prime Minister.

OVERCOMING THE NATURAL HAZARDS OF A JAPANESE GENERAL ELECTION : An example of the way in which preparations are being made for the Japanese General Election to be held at the end of this month. Ballot boxes are taken to a small fishing island in Hokkaido, northern Japan, by boats which are steered carefully through the ice-floes.

On right—

A WEARY WALK IN THE CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY: Officials from the local Town Hall in Hokkaido trudge through the snow with ballot boxes slung on their backs in preparation for the Japanese General Election. They are on their way to villages in the mountains isolated by the snow. When Mr. Hatoyama succeeded Mr. Yoshida as Prime Minister of Japan last December, it became apparent that the Diet would have to be dissolved and a General Election held. The date of polling for the third election in Japan in thirty months has been fixed for February 27, and the normal difficulties of transport to isolated communities in Hokkaido are aggravated by the severe Japanese winter. One of the issues of the election is how far Japan should co-operate with Communist China and with the Soviet Union. Another important issue is the restoration to the Emperor of part of his pre-war prestige by effecting certain changes in the Constitution.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

Shoemaking in Somerset.—Street is a small town in the middle of the Somerset plain. It lies in the heart of a romantic countryside, for Glastonbury is but a mile or so away and the Tor dominates the scene. It is here that Christianity is said to have first taken root in Britain, a claim perpetuated by the great Abbey which flourished until the Dissolution of the Monasteries. Hereabouts, too, Arthur rode with his knights and Alfred hid from the Danes. But Street itself is far from being romantic. It really *is* a street—a long, straggling, overgrown village—a place with pleasant old buildings. The majority of them are in a strictly utilitarian style, and nearly all in the local, rather drab Street stone. Even the more ambitious buildings are ugly, for they were built in the last century when taste in architecture was at its lowest ebb.

The interest in Street lies in the fact that it is the home of a shoe-making industry founded by the Quaker family of Clark about the year 1825. The Clarks were fine people, and the enterprise they built up is now a household word in the world of shoes. It is a real family concern developed on benevolent lines, much akin (in spirit at any rate) to the Cadbury undertaking, with the management taking a paternal interest in the welfare of the employees and of the town.

An interesting point is that shoemaking was entirely new to Street. When the business began, there was said to be only one shoemaker in the village; there was no heritage of medieval craftsmanship in the trade, weaving was the only industry of importance in a purely agricultural area, and by the early nineteenth century that was moribund. Furthermore, shoemaking was only taken up as a sideline to fell-mongering, wool-stapling and rug-making, but when it showed good prospects craftsmen were imported to teach the trade to the local people.

This early shoemaking was put out to the workers in their homes, where the shoes were sewn by hand, stained and polished. Wives and families would help, the children being expected to put in an hour or so after school. After leaving school, boys would be apprenticed to a shoemaker. Many of the cottages had workshops over the kitchen, reached by outside stairs or through a trap-door. The system of "outworking" actually survived until the late war.

One of the best things to see at Street is the shoe museum housed at the factory and open to the public. It is by no means just a glorified showcase, but has objects of local historical interest, and a large collection of shoes, many of them of outside and foreign manufacture, some dating back 300 years.

The object of the museum is well summed up as follows: "Antiquity's real value increases in proportion to its contribution to the present and future—an important point when we remember that before so very long we, too, shall be part of Antiquity. Alongside, therefore, with specimens of old-time craftsmanship we have placed specimens of the not-so-old and the very recent—the qualification being that it has a practical interest, either of good workmanship, good design . . . or even simply that it can serve as an awful warning to us and our successors."

For the social historian, Street is of particular interest. Here is an industry started in a village, far distant from other centres of industrial employment, which has never grown to an inordinate size and is a compact unit on its own. Street to-day has no more than 5,300 inhabitants. It is true that lately considerable business expansion has taken place, but the new factories have been placed in other small Somerset towns, and so the individual character of each place has not been spoilt. This is a most significant development and may be one answer to the problem of finding small units of industry for the countryside—to my mind essential, if we are ever to stop the drift from the land.

The Land Fund.—This Fund was established by Mr. Hugh Dalton in 1946 when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He referred to it as a "nest-egg" for the creation of National Parks and acquisition of open coast and country. Strangely enough, no provision was made in the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act, 1949, to draw upon the Fund in order to implement the Act in this way. All that the Fund has been used for so far is to compensate the Treasury for property accepted in lieu of death duties, and to provide certain sums for the preservation of historic houses. All the surplus interest has been ploughed back into the Fund, with the result that the capital has now risen from £50,000,000 to nearly £60,000,000, and the Committee of Public Accounts are recommending that part of it be returned to the Exchequer.

All this has greatly disturbed the National Parks Commission and the various amenity organisations which are trying to make the Act work. The subject was aired in the Press last autumn, and now Members of Parliament are being asked to put the whole matter before the Chancellor when he prepares the Budget.

A COTTAGE WORKSHOP AT STREET, IN SOMERSET: A shoemaker is seen at work in his room and, *on left*, is passing through a trap-door to the kitchen below.

National Parks and Rights of Way.—This is rather an involved story. National Parks are the concern of the National Parks Commission, an advisory body with little power and no money of its own, subject in everything to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government (formerly Town and Country Planning). Most of the Parks designated so far are administered either by a joint planning board, of which two-thirds of the members represent the county councils concerned, and one third are independent members appointed by the Minister; or directly by the county councils with the help of an advisory committee.

There are also three single-county Parks looked after by committees, whose members are mostly drawn from the county council.

The trouble is that most county councils consider National Parks unnecessary on the ground that the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947, gives them all the powers they need to protect areas of beauty. The 1949 Act was passed to give added protection, to give powers to make improvements, and to promote enjoyment by the public; also to see that the national interest was properly represented. This is a real issue in a small, heavily-populated country like ours where there is a constant pressure upon the use of land. Already inroads have been made into some of these special areas, even where a National Park has been designated, thus it is most desirable to agree upon an effective form of administration, and it cannot be said that this has happened so far.

The most serious criticism bears upon finance. Although the Exchequer may subsidise certain improvements, the entire cost of running a National Park has to be borne by the rates. This imposes an unfair burden upon local people, and means that a Park will have to operate on a shoe-string budget, almost certain to be ineffective. It is illogical, too, for if a National Park is to be what its name implies—a park for the nation—then national funds should support it to a very large degree.

That is where the Land Fund comes in, a Fund founded, after all, for this purpose. It is claimed that the annual interest (about £1,250,000) would be sufficient to meet most of the costs of the Commission and of the National Park boards, and to provide grants for improvements.

As for rights of way, progress is desperately slow. A survey of all the footpaths and bridleways in the country is supposed to have been completed two years ago, and draft maps published. After that it was proposed to deal with objections and omissions, and then publish definitive maps which would give the final answer. By the end of last year only about three-quarters of the counties had reached the draft stage; some, it seems, have done virtually nothing.

As to "long-distance" paths, a self-explanatory term, the most notable is perhaps the Pennine Way, about 250 miles long, stretching from Derbyshire to the Scottish Border. Originally it was hoped to have this clear by Easter 1952. But it is still not ready; nearly forty miles of new path remain to be constituted. The main opposition comes from sporting interests and water undertakings, and latterly the Manchester Corporation was upheld by the Minister in its objection to the route between Longdendale and Black Hill, in Cheshire. One only hopes that the final outcome of all these tribulations will not be a travesty of the Act.

PREPARING NEW GATES FOR ASCOT RACECOURSE AT KINGHAM, IN OXFORDSHIRE: Mr. Reg. Rathbone and his son, Fred, at work in their forge on a section for one of the two gates which they are making for Ascot Racecourse. Mr. Rathbone is a skilled craftsman in wrought ironwork. The double gates will be fine examples of the modern iron craftsmen's skill; they will weigh a ton and a quarter, and stand 18 ft. high. Later, the men at the forge will begin work on gates for the new mile entrance to Ascot through which the Royal procession will pass.

Quarter Sessions.—I am not a J.P. but I was summoned to Quarter Sessions during one of the recent cold spells to do my civic duty as a juryman. The summons was archaically, solemnly and beautifully worded, and ended (if I remember aright) with the pithy phrase *Fail not*.

I was so keen not to fail that, with transport so uncertain in the snow and ice, I took the earliest possible train and arrived at my destination an hour and a half early. There was just enough time for a comfortable breakfast and a haircut, and then to the hot, overcrowded assembly rooms of the Shire Hall. Fortunately for me my name was drawn out of the hat for one of the first cases of the day, and I joined the eleven other "good men and true" in the jury box. The benches were uncompromisingly hard and we sat there the entire day.

It was a motoring case. The accused was charged with being "under the influence . . ." and the hearing had come up from a lower court. I found it fascinating. I could not but admire all the things one is supposed to admire in a British court of law—the skill of the advocates (the prosecutor talked very quietly and made it all sound so obvious, the defender led them all up the garden path with seemingly innocent questions and both referred to each other as "me learned friend," just as in *Pickwick*), the wisdom of the judge, the abiding permeating sense of fair play.

Some of the witnesses were models of clarity, some quite clearly were not, one of the policemen was given an uncomfortable time by defending counsel, but the most interesting performance was that of the accused himself, who decided to go into the witness box. He was a small man, physically unimpressive, seemingly at ease, but with the apparent inability to follow a logical argument, at any rate for very long. Counsel kept him there until every incident had been described and analysed *ad nauseam* (it seemed like, and probably was, hours), and he did not come well out of it.

Eventually the time came for the jury to retire, and we trooped down into a small square room of the most repellent aspect. No doubt it was meant to be, in order to discourage us from taking our ease. The walls were green (?), there were hard, naked electric lights overhead (of the servants' landing type), and once again we sat hard. After a long deliberation we found our man "guilty"—among other things, he lost his licence for twelve months—and we then trooped home in the slush and snow.

THE NEW PLYMOUTH ARISES—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CITY CENTRE, SHOWING THE GREAT PROGRESS WHICH HAS BEEN MADE IN RECONSTRUCTION AND REBUILDING: The broad roadway stretching diagonally across the picture is Royal Parade; this is joined half-way along on the left by Armada Way. These two thoroughfares form the basis of the new city centre. Running along the left-hand side of Royal Parade are office blocks, with shops at ground level. At the nearer end of the road are the Co-operative Society's new buildings which are to be extended round to the left to where the framework of girders can be seen. The smaller building in between is to be demolished. Beyond the junction with Armada Way are the offices of E. Dingle and Company, a local store, and several other shops. The area in the bottom right-hand corner of the picture is to be the site of the new civic buildings, and further along Royal Parade, on the right, is the old Guildhall, which was badly damaged during the war. The second of the two long buildings in the middle distance at the extreme left is the new Technical College, now completed, and which is to be opened on March 16 this year. On the hills in the distance are the new housing estates which have been built since the end of the war. The plan for the new Plymouth was first made known in 1943, when J. Paton Watson and Sir Patrick Abercrombie prepared their report for the city council. Since that date a multitude of problems, both legal and mechanical, have been overcome, and the work of building the new city is proceeding apace and according to plan.

PLYMOUTH ARISES

Remarkable Aerial Photographs which Show the Progress Made in Rebuilding the City

On left—

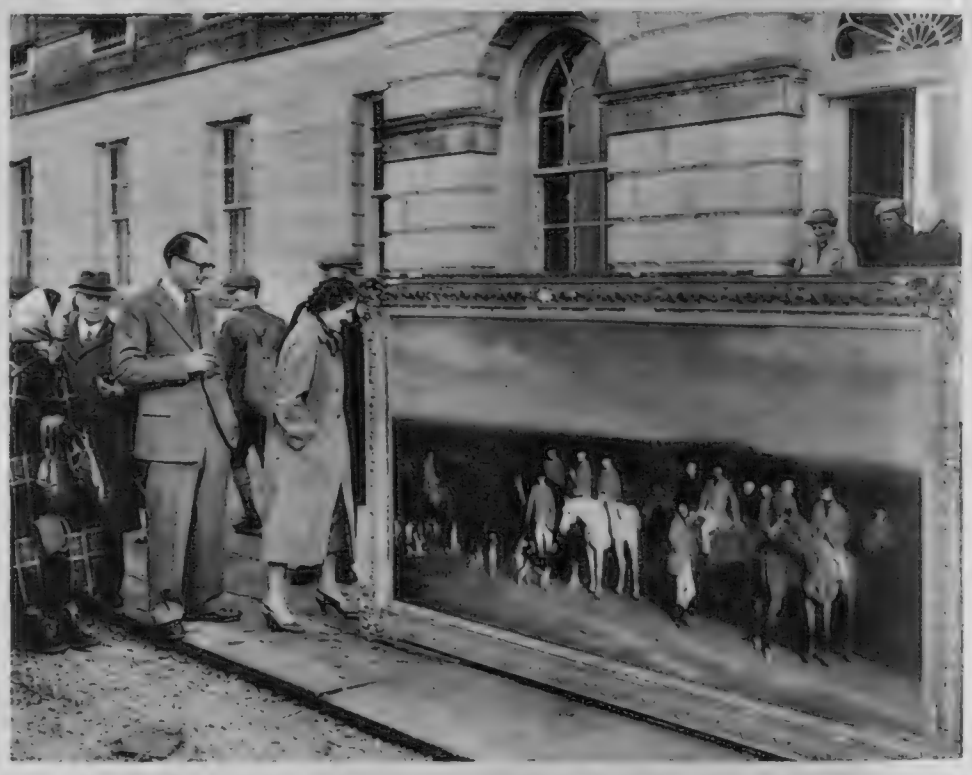
ANOTHER VIEW OF ROYAL PARADE, PLYMOUTH: This view, which faces the opposite direction to the one above, shows other features of the rebuilding scheme. The G.P.O. headquarters at Plymouth are to be built on the waste ground seen on the right, and in this area, a new road, carried on a viaduct, will be constructed. The tower rising above Royal Parade, in the left centre of the picture, belongs to St. Andrew's, the fourteenth-century Mother Church of Plymouth. This was badly damaged during the war and was left a shell. Now, as can be seen, it has been repaired and serves as a permanent reminder of the old Plymouth in the heart of the new.

THE HUNT MEETS AT WOBURN ABBEY FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1859 : The field of the Oakley Hunt is moving off from the famous Bedfordshire residence of the Duke of Bedford. The Hunt, founded by the then Duke of Bedford in 1800, had not met on these lawns for nearly a century. This spring Woburn is to join the growing list of historic English houses which are open to the public. The present Duke, who came home from fruit-farming in South Africa to succeed his father two years ago, has had to face vast death duties. The Abbey was founded by the Cistercian Order in 1145. At the Dissolution of the monasteries in the sixteenth century it was given to John Russell, the 1st Earl of Bedford. William, the fifth Earl, became Duke of Bedford in 1694. The present house was built in the middle of the eighteenth century. It contains over 100 rooms, of which fourteen will be open to the public. In these the Duke and Duchess are arranging some of their priceless china, furniture and other works of art.

A MEET AT WOBURN ABBEY

Not Since 1859 has the Oakley met at the Duke of Bedford's Historic Home, which is Soon to be Open to the Public

THE HOST AND THE MASTER : From left to right are the Duke of Bedford, Mr. J. Harris (Acting Master of the Oakley), Mr. P. Stainer (Steward to the Duke) and Mr. J. W. Rothwell (Secretary to the Hunt).



PAST AND PRESENT : Before the field moved off, the Duke brought out a large oil painting of a meet of the Oakley in 1859, the year in which they had last met at Woburn. The artist was Stephen Pearce. However, the venue of the meet in the painting cannot be identified.

HOSPITALITY IN THE OLD-FASHIONED STYLE : Many people came to watch the meet at Woburn Abbey and were entertained in a fine old-fashioned manner. The Oakley Hunt country lies in four counties—Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire.

THE LARGEST ALUMINIUM SMELTING PLANT IN THE WORLD: The Canadian Aluminium Company has created this vast new centre at Kitimat, beneath the pine slopes and snow-topped peaks of British Columbia. Producing at present 91,500 tons of aluminium per year, it is designed for expansion to 550,000 tons annually. Near the industrial and docks area, seen here, a residential town is being constructed with all modern amenities. The population eventually will total 50,000.

A MIRACLE OF INDUSTRY

The Railway has Now Been Opened to Kitimat, the Astonishing Canadian Industrial Project in British Columbia, which is Already Working and Eventually will Produce 550,000 Tons of Aluminium Each Year

IN the far north-west of Canada trains have just started to run along a new railway. The line starts at a small town called Terrace, in British Columbia, and it is only forty-three miles long. But its importance is out of all proportion to its length, for the far terminus is Kitimat, the new wonder aluminium manufacturing project of the Canadian Aluminium Company.

Kitimat has been called a "miracle of modern industrial engineering." With its giant dam, reservoir, water and power supply and vast smelting works, this latest example of Commonwealth initiative deserves the many superlatives it has received from the Press of two continents. The arrival of the railway is another stage in the development of Canada's new town, which may well grow more quickly than any other in the world.

Until the arrival of locomotive 2129, with its two freight cars and three coaches on the first run of last month, every piece of equipment and every man, woman and child had to be taken to Kitimat by aeroplane or up to Minette Bay by boat. Now the inhabitants and their relatives can travel from Terrace and other small townships, which in distance are so near, but which hitherto have been cut off by ranges of mountains rising to 10,000 ft.

When construction began on the Kitimat project in 1951 it was obvious that a railway would be essential for the maintenance of the vast industrial site. The following year surveys were started over forty miles of what was generally regarded as part of the greatest unbroken stretch of timber in British Columbia. Major difficulties confronting the construction companies were the clearing of the timber which towered 80 ft. above the level of the proposed track and the bridging of four fast-flowing rivers.

Across the Skeena River, near Terrace, a steel bridge 1,018 ft. long required seven spans. To bridge smaller rivers logs 4 ft. in diameter were sometimes used to provide temporary support until permanent steel structures were substituted. During winter the construction workers had to combat 10 ft. of snow, which caused rock slides and resulted in the loss of several hundred thousand dollars-worth of equipment. But the real measure of this battle of men against the elements can be seen in the tragic fact that five workers lost their lives in the making of the railway.

Despite these great difficulties, the line was ready in almost exactly two years from the day work was begun. However, it will probably take another six months for the track to be complete, so trains at present are limited to fifteen miles an hour.

The railway terminus at Kitimat is part of the new Service Centre. This is an original contribution to town planning. Its purpose is to place away from the residential area the so-called "dirty" side of the community. Thus the families will not be subject to the smoke and dust of locomotives and freight yards. The plans for the town include shops, schools, recreation rooms, playing-fields and a communal centre. From the wilderness is arising a modern city in every sense of the word and one in which its people can take pride.

Lying below pine-clad slopes and the majesty of snow-topped mountains, the homes of Kitimat are apart from the harbour and the gigantic smelting plant. Here, in an area where the Timshian Indians had a primitive village for "The People of the Falling Snow" (such is the meaning of Kitimat), and where until a few years ago trappers blazed a pioneer trail, a staggering dream of human enterprise has to-day become reality. In 1874 a surveyor went through the mountains of central British Columbia, 400 miles from Vancouver and 100 miles from the Alaskan frontier. High up he found long lakes fed by glaciers. Standing beside one of them he felt "the terrible silence in this scene of desolation." He would have been more than a prophet to have foreseen the scene of pulsating human activity which would arise by its shore in less than eighty years. It is an instance of the vast scale planning and the ruthless execution which has only become possible through the scientific and technical progress of the twentieth century.

The Aluminium Company of Canada surveyed the site in 1948. Three years later they put in hand one of the greatest development projects in industrial history. Kitimat, now in its first working phase, consists really of five modern engineering wonders of the world: a dam and gigantic reservoir; a ten-mile water tunnel through a mountain; a power-house carved from a mountain cavern; a power transmission line forty-nine miles long over the mountains; and the vast smelter at the end of a creek.

THE FIRST TRAIN ARRIVES AT KITIMAT: Locomotive 2129, drawing two freight cars and three coaches, has made the initial run along the new forty-three-mile line from Terrace. Until the track was opened, transport for the inhabitants of Kitimat was by sea or air.

The starting-point of the project was the construction of the Kenney Dam across the Nechako River. It is the largest rock-filled dam in the world and cost over £7,000,000 to build. Some 1,000 men were employed on it, and so that they could reach their working site a sixty-mile road was hacked through the upland wilderness in the record time of twelve weeks. The dam is named after Mr. E. T. Kenney, the former Minister of Lands and Forests in British Columbia. Out of a number of large lakes it has created a water reservoir 150 miles long and 385 square miles in area, 2,800 ft. above the sea in the mountains of British Columbia.

The purpose of the water reservoir is to supply power for electricity. The site for the generating station was selected at Kemano, a former Indian settlement meaning "Men of the Rocks," and well-named from its natural surroundings. But the water had to be brought down to the generating plant from the reservoir high above. To do this, the engineers performed the astonishing feat of boring a tunnel ten miles long through 7,000-ft. Mount DuBose. The tunnel is 20 ft. high and 11 ft. wide, and the fall of water is sixteen times the height of Niagara.

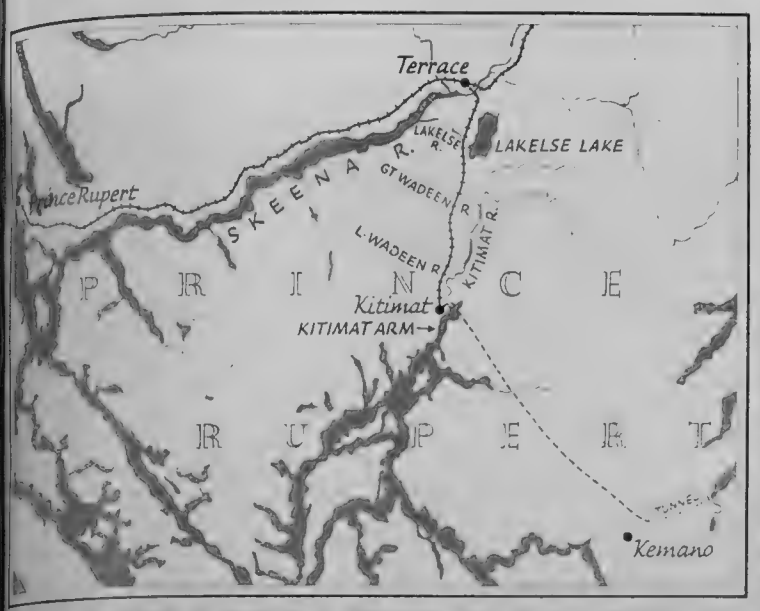
(Article continued on page 300)

A MIRACLE OF INDUSTRY *(Continued)*

POWER LINES OVER THE MOUNTAINS : An artist would delight in the form of this landscape. Out of the wilderness of north-west Canada, engineers have carved the route for carrying electricity to Kitimat. The power centre is at Kemano, forty-nine miles away. At one point the transmission line travels over the Kildala Pass, 5,300 ft. high. Kemano is an Indian word meaning "Men of the Rocks," who gave their name to the river which flows through a deep, narrow valley. The generating house, a cavern inside a mountain, is large enough to contain the liner *Queen Elizabeth*. Water power is brought to it through a ten-mile tunnel, driven through the mountain, from the gigantic Kenney dam and reservoir.

A MODERN MAGICIAN'S CAVE : This picture was taken when the Kemano cavern power house was still under construction. Now, generators are working with these turbines in this vast cave, 700 ft. long and 135 ft. high.

A BATTLE AGAINST THE ELEMENTS : A snow-plough clears the way for the erection of pylons on the forty-nine-miles-long Kemano-Kitimat power line. The cables and pylons on the snow slopes must withstand 80 m.p.h. winds and ice loads of 40 lb. per ft.



THE AREA TO WHICH ALUMINIUM IS BRINGING INCALCULABLE WEALTH : This map shows the extent of the Canadian project, of which the centre is the aluminium smelter at Kitimat. Electric power is carried along the forty-nine miles of transmission lines from the generators at Kemano, which are driven by water brought through the ten-mile mountain tunnel from the reservoir. The new railway comes into Kitimat from Terrace, in the north.

PIONEERING THE RAILWAY : Engineers dynamite through the mountains of British Columbia to construct the line to Kitimat. Snow, sometimes to the depth of 10 ft., and rock slides hampered operations in winter. Five men lost their lives in the construction work.

THE FIRST ARRIVAL IN THE DOCKS : The *Sun Karen*, with alumina from Jamaica, has tied up alongside the wharf at Kitimat. Alumina is the basic material from which aluminium is smelted by high-power processes.

LAYING THE RAILWAY : Modern tie and track equipment was used on the construction of the line to Kitimat. Machines of this type enabled the Canadian National Railways to complete the forty-three miles of track in two years, in spite of enormous natural hazards. Across the Skeena River a steel bridge over 1,000 ft. long required seven spans. In the bridging of smaller rivers, logs 4 ft. in diameter were sometimes used to provide temporary supports until permanent steel structures could be substituted.

On left—

AN ARTIFICIAL CATARACT THROUGH A MOUNTAIN : Work is in progress on the now completed tunnel from the Kenney Reservoir to the power station at Kemano. The water pouring through the mountain provides the generation necessary for the manufacture of aluminium. The boring of the tunnel, from each of the two ends, started in the autumn of 1951. For the party on the higher level a road was out of the question. So equipment was carried up a giant aerial tramway. Its 9-ton car carried 20 tons of machinery or sixty men at a time.

A CAMP IN THE FAR WEST OF CANADA BUILDS ECONOMIC AID FOR BRITAIN: These buildings at Kemano house workers on the power station, the tunnel and the transmission lines which are so important in the Kitimat aluminium smelting project. The British Government financially assisted the Aluminium Company of Canada in the construction. In return, Britain is beginning to receive from Canada increasingly large tonnages of aluminium, which she cannot manufacture herself.

A MIRACLE OF INDUSTRY

(*Continued from page 297*)

Parties of miners started boring from the top and the bottom. Working round the clock they met in twenty months.

Meanwhile, the power-house itself was rising at Kemano. About 5,000 men cleared 570,000 tons of rock from a cavern inside a mountain to hold the generating machines. Those interested in statistics may like to know that to hold all this rock a fleet of trucks, each 15 ft. long and each carrying 15 tons, would stretch bumper to bumper for 780 miles. The excavated cavern is large enough to hold the liner *Queen Elizabeth*. Three giant generators with a 450,000-h.p. capacity were put in for the first stages of aluminium production. But in the cavern—700 ft. long, 135 ft. high and 82 ft. wide—there is room for another five generators, giving an ultimate capacity of 2,240,000 h.p. The generators at Kemano are driven by the largest multi-nozzle impulse turbines ever constructed.

But Kemano is forty-nine miles from Kitimat, where the electric power is required in the aluminium works. So a line had to be laid to carry it over country abounding in cliffs and rocks, glaciers and crevasses. This electricity transmission line is six miles longer than the Kitimat–Terrace railway line. The electric cables were routed over the Kildala mountain pass, which has a highest elevation of 5,300 ft. A fleet of helicopters kept the erection teams provided with food and equipment and even dropped prefabricated houses for their shelter. Three of the highest camps were entirely supplied by helicopters, which, according to statisticians, flew with greater frequency than the planes on the Berlin airlift.

The construction of the transmission line was by general consent the toughest part of the whole project. But only from its power was the smelting works at Kitimat able to start production. The smelter is a sufficient wonder in itself. Situated in fjord-like Minette Bay, at the head of Douglas Channel, it began with an annual target of 91,500 tons of aluminium. This has now been raised to 150,000 tons per annum. But plans allow for an ultimate expansion to 550,000 tons a year, utilising the maximum power available from the hydro-electric development. Canada is already second only to the U.S. in aluminium output.

The population in the near-by town is being brought in by stages, to meet the needs of the growing scheme of production. The first stage allows for 7,000 inhabitants, rising finally to 50,000. A most imposing city is being created, entirely fitted to the imaginative splendour of its industry. The town plan is laid out on the neighbourhood system of self-contained units for 5,000 people. Well-equipped, easy-to-run houses can be bought on the instalment plan for a down payment of £245.

When finished, the whole Kitimat project will have cost something in the region of £200,000,000. The initial stages, enabling it to work as it does at present, have required about half of this sum. The British Government has given financial help. It is a wise economic investment. Aluminium is a comparatively new metal. A hundred years ago it was as rare as gold, and until the advent of electricity it could not be produced in quantity. To make this possible enormous electric power is required. It is calculated that the quantity of electric energy needed to produce 1 ton of aluminium would be enough for a British domestic household's requirements for twelve years.

It is obvious that Britain has not the natural resources for generating electric power in such an enormous mass. But Canada has these resources. She can produce economic electricity, which means economically priced aluminium, and an ultimate benefit to British manufacturers and industries. Indeed, with the basic materials such as alumina coming from other parts of the Commonwealth, this giant-scale aluminium production can be very much a British family concern.

A few years ago Kitimat was a fishing village of Indians. The achievement there to-day is not improperly called a "miracle." But there has been little supernatural in its attainment. It proves pre-eminently that the imagination, courage and pioneering spirit of the past lives on in the British Commonwealth for a still greater future.

MODERN METHODS OF COMMUNICATIONS: This aerial tramway carried men and materials to the tunnel boring site, high in the mountains above Kemano. During the erection of the 49-mile transmission line from the power station here to Kitimat, helicopters kept teams working on high and remote sites supplied with food and equipment.

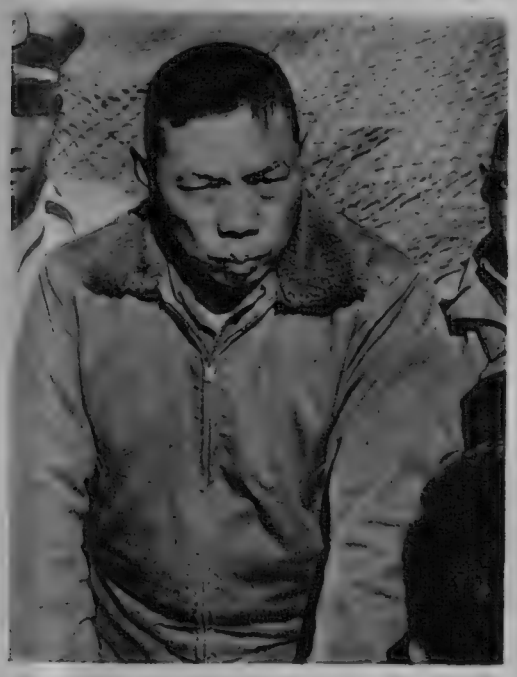
THE TACHENS EVACUATION

15,000 Chinese Nationalist Troops are Taken Off the Islands Under Cover of the U.S. Navy

As anticipated, the Chinese Communists made no attempt to interfere with the evacuation of the Tachen Islands, which proceeded smoothly last week under cover of the United States Seventh Fleet. Everything went according to schedule. Of the 15,000 troops remaining on the islands, some 5,000 guerillas were taken to the islands of Quemoy and Matsu. There is still some doubt about the status of these islands under the Nationalist-American defence agreement, for they are not specifically mentioned as islands to whose aid American armed forces will go if they are attacked by Chinese Communists. On the other hand, General Chiang Kai-shek is still arguing that these two islands are essential to the defence of Formosa. The remaining 10,000 troops on the Tachens are men of the Nationalists' 46th Division, who are being brought back to Formosa.

The elements of the United States Seventh Fleet assigned to cover the evacuation of the off-shore islands form the most powerful naval task force assembled since the Inchon landings in Korea. Under the command of Rear-Admiral Lorenzo S. Sabin, Jnr., who was in charge of the fleet at the evacuation operations at Haiphong, in Indo-China, the force of seventy-five vessels was prepared for any eventuality. But there were no incidents.

THE DEVASTATED HARBOUR AREA ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS : A view of the bomb damage caused by intensive attacks by Chinese Communist aircraft. This damage was done before the evacuation of the Tachen Islands took place last week, which was, in fact, unopposed. The United States Seventh Fleet gave cover to the Nationalist troops who were being evacuated to Formosa, Quemoy, and Matsu.



THE NATIONALIST COMMANDER : General Liu Lien-yi, the Chinese Nationalist Commander of the 15,000 troops stationed on the Tachen Islands.

THE EVACUATION UNDER WAY : A general view of the evacuation operation on the North Tachen Island. Landing craft can be seen on the beach, while others are waiting in the bay. In the foreground are American and Chinese military personnel participating in the evacuation.

THE EQUIPMENT IS READY FOR MOVING : Ammunition boxes, reels of telephone cable, and picks and shovels are stored beside heavy equipment on the beaches of the Tachen Islands. Chinese and American soldiers join in loading the equipment, which will go to Formosa and other Nationalist-held islands with the troops and civilians who had been living on the Tachens.

A WARM WELCOME FOR THE U.S. AIR FORCE : General Chiang Kai-shek greeting Lieut.-General Bruce Clark, who is commanding the United States Air Force in the Far East. General Clark had flown to Formosa to discuss details of the part his Air Force would play in the evacuation.

NORWAY'S HERRING BOOM

Excellent Catches are Rewarding the Boats that Leave Aalesund in January and February

Along the coast of Western Norway the months of January and February are the busiest of the year, for it is the time of large, or sloe, herring fishing. And ever since the war the population of such centres as Aalesund, Maalöy, Bergen, and Haugesund have been enjoying boom conditions. Last year the catch, though not as great as that in the record year of 1952, was over 1,000,000 tons of herring valued at over £10,000,000. This year fishing began later because of bad weather, but the latest reports show that the catches are well up to expectations. The great boom in the Norwegian herring industry is due not merely to an abundance of the fish, but also to the development of new techniques and, in some measure, to the effective organisation of the fishermen.

The centre of all the excitement at this time of year is Aalesund, where over 20,000 fishermen in some 2,500 boats assemble, waiting eagerly for the first news of the approach of the herrings. Research ships are out at sea with all modern devices at their disposal, plumbing the depths to get news of the shoals heading for the Norwegian coast. In Aalesund everybody, including visitors from all parts of Europe, who have come to see this colourful assembly of fishermen and their boats, is infected with "herring fever." The tense days of waiting are ended with the sudden announcement that the herrings have arrived, and every vessel launches forth to the fishing-ground to haul in as great a catch as possible.

Originally, ordinary nets and beach seines were the only gear used by the herring fishermen. Now, however, a large part of the catch is taken with drift nets and purse seines, the latter carried on large vessels of up to 400 tons. Many of these expensively equipped boats also carry such equipment as echo-sounders and radio-telephones. Once the fish have been located, work goes on day and night, and the fishing fleet provides a memorable spectacle, as it can be seen on a dark night, heaving on the sea, with the multi-coloured lanterns lighting up the scene.

A team of herring fishers consists of a light dinghy in the lead, which is rowed by the "boss" of the team, who is also sounding for herring with a lead line to find out whether it would pay to let the seine go. Following behind are two seine boats, with the purse seine divided equally between them. Finally comes the purse seiner, or the mother ship. The whole fishing fleet is made up of hundreds of these teams, following each other in one long procession. As soon as one "boss" lets his seine go, the others follow, and the mere noise of it is unforgettable. When the seine boats have completed their ring, the herring is locked in the purse and the catch is hauled aboard.

All the fishermen are compelled by law to sell their herring to a central authority. The price the fisherman obtains is uniform, no matter for what purpose the herring is used. The central authority, the Noregs Sildesalslag, then markets the herrings and decides how they are to be disposed of. More than 82 per cent. of the total catch last year went to the factories, most of them along the coast, for processing into herring meal and herring oil. About 9 per cent. was exported fresh, and only a fractional quantity was eaten fresh at home. The rest of the catch was salted, or canned, or sold as bait. A further and more unusual industry derived from herring fishing is the manufacture of pearls from the scales of the fish.

The Norwegian fisheries are the biggest in Europe, for besides the large herring industry there are the famed cod fisheries off Lofoten. It is an industry which employs about 120,000 people, of whom more than a third are also spare-time farm workers. It is an industry that brings increasing wealth to Norway, and herring fishing, which contributes two-fifths of the total fishing revenue, certainly calls for great activity during those crowded first months of the year.

THE FISHING FLEET IN PORT: The harbour of Aalesund is packed with boats ready to leave at a moment's notice as soon as weather and fishing reports are favourable. Then there is a great scramble for the best positions at the fishing-grounds. In the background is the Aksla, 509 ft. high, which dominates this thriving town.

On right—

A LIFT FOR THE FISH: In the factories the herrings are lifted to the processing machines, where they are made ready for packing.

SCOOPING-UP THE "SILVER OF THE SEA": A fine catch of herring is scooped out of the seine and hauled on board the trawler. *On right*—A close-up view of the operation. Fishermen in boats hold the seine while a grab full of herring is hauled up. The Norwegian fishermen describe the herring as the "silver of the sea."

AT THE FISHING-GROUNDS: A view of the herring fleet at work. It is estimated that, at the peak of the fishing, some 25,000 people are employed in the boats, while a large number of men find work ashore, on the coast connected with the herring industry. The value of the Norwegian herring catch last season was over £10,000,000.

A PIER SLIPS BENEATH THE THAMES

The P.L.A. Pier at Westminster Bridge Springs a Leak in One of its Pontoons and Sinks at High Tide

Last week the Port of London Authority's pier at Westminster Bridge sank in the Thames after one of the pontoons had filled with water. The leak in the pontoon, which had probably been caused by an obstruction, was first noticed shortly after eight o'clock in the morning, and a firefloat was called to pump out the water. The pontoon affected was the one nearest the embankment wall, which held up the shore-brows, and the gangways. Later, two fire-engines joined in the pumping operations, but as the tide rose, the whole structure of the pier remained at about low-water level and the buildings were soon awash. By high tide only the roof of one building, the pier master's office, could be seen above the water. Altogether about 250 ft. of landing stage was submerged.

As the tide ebbed, salvage men prepared to repair the damage and a diver was lowered to inspect the pontoons. Very little work was possible at this stage and it was not until the next day that a tug was able to tow away one of the buildings which had been refloated. The task of clearing the wreck was then expected to take about a fortnight.

Although there has probably been a pier in this position for centuries, the exact date of the present structure is unknown as repairs and alterations are continually being made. Visiting Royalty and Heads of State of foreign countries have been welcomed there, and it was the scene in May, last year, of the Queen's return from her tour of the British Commonwealth and Empire. It was believed to have been the first time that a Thames pier had sunk, except through enemy action.

GOING DOWN—THE PORT OF LONDON'S PIER AT WESTMINSTER BRIDGE SINKS AT HIGH TIDE: The pier sank in the Thames after a pontoon had filled with water. Fire-engines and a firefloat tried unsuccessfully to pump water out, and by high tide the structure was almost covered.

SALVAGE OPERATIONS: The scene from Westminster Bridge showing a salvage man rescuing a chair from a partially submerged building. Other chairs are already stacked in the launch.

A PARTIALLY BUOYANT PONTOON IS TOWED AWAY: This was done in view of the possible menace to water traffic on the day following the sinking. The staff of the pier were evacuated before the structure slipped beneath the water.

THE STATE OF THE PIER AT HIGH AND LOW TIDE: *Left*—Only the roof of one of the buildings can be seen above the water. A P.L.A. spokesman said "the pier could not sink further as it was resting on a shelf." *Right*—This picture was taken at low tide on the day after the sinking when work began on the dismantling of the pier. At that time it was estimated that the wreck would take about a fortnight to clear. The leak in the pontoon was first noticed by a night pier-man.

DEALING WITH UNWANTED SNOW IN THE LAND OF WINTER: A snow-blower of the Swiss Federal Railway clearing the St. Gotthard Railway of snow at the south entrance of the St. Gotthard Tunnel, near Airolo. The snow is cleared by electrically-operated twin blades on the blower, which weighs 30 tons, has 484 h.p., and is electrically driven. Frozen snow on this vital European railway link is first broken into smaller pieces by a labour crew which can be seen standing beside the line. The progress of the blower varies between 1 and 12 m.p.h., according to the conditions. This blower, made in Switzerland, is the only snow-clearer of its kind in the country. It has been in use since 1948. A German-made snow-disperser, operated by steam and built in 1896, is still in use. While winter-sports enthusiasts enjoy the ample snowfalls, the Swiss authorities work constantly to maintain communications.

SWISS WINTER

Holidaymakers Enjoy the Snow of St. Moritz, while the Railways are Kept Clear by Snow-blowers

A SKI-RUN IN EVERY DIRECTION: This extraordinary signpost at Corviglia, St. Moritz, gives some idea of the large variety of ski-runs for all types of skiers in this popular Swiss resort. Passing by are skiers on their way to the morning's sport; some will use the new ski-lift between Corviglia and Piz Nair.

THE INFORMAL DANCES IN ST. MORITZ: Around tea-time many of the ski enthusiasts return from their day's sport to the warmth of such restaurants as the Chesa Veglia. Dress is informal.

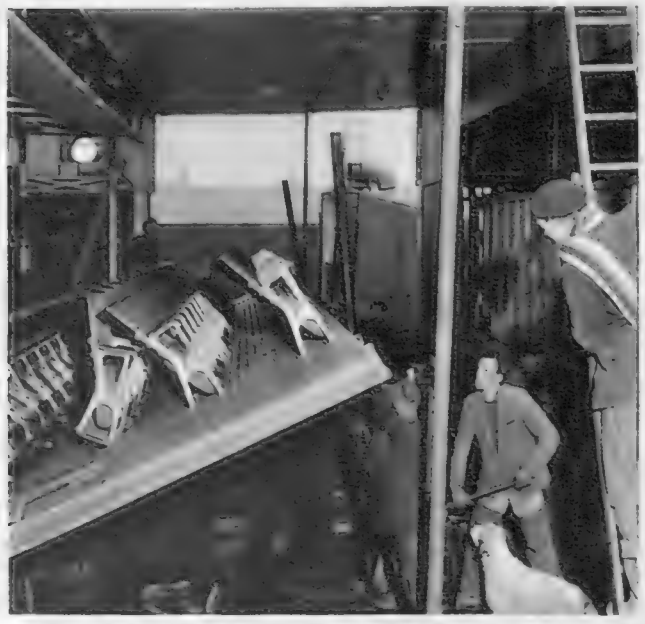
ACING IN THE SNOW : One of the great attractions at St. Moritz, outside the natural delights of the ski-run, is the race-course. On the ice of St. Moritz Lake, riders and horses display their prowess in the snow, and the race-goers display their winter fashions. *Above*—Competitors for the Senior Prix are led past in the paddock on the second day of the International Horse Race Meeting. The race is for riders over fifty years old, and was won by the horse Andrees, seen in front. *On right*—The finish of the Visitors' Race.

PICKING A WINNER—ST. MORITZ STYLE : This may not be Ascot, but unusual clothes at the Races still provide almost as great an interest as the horses. These three ladies provide a contrast in styles. Fur coat and military-looking boots are surmounted by a scarf and jockey cap. The duffle coat has become international, and the idea of the blanket-like wrap has, no doubt, been borrowed from the ancient Inca princesses. The warmly dressed Dachshund looks fierce—maybe because she alone has no boots for the snow.

E SLOPES OF ST. MORITZ—A WORLD OF SNOW : In this undulating country above St. Moritz the winter-sports enthusiast will find something for every mood. Downhill, slalom, climbing, even jumping, are catered for in a comparatively small expanse of mountainside. Here the beginner can receive his first lessons or go out on his own. On other slopes the more experienced skier can show his prowess. Meanwhile, the Cresta Run and the Bob Run are open at St. Moritz to more daring visitors.

A THEATRE ON WHEELS

The Century Theatre, Completely Self-contained, has for the Past Thirty Months Brought Plays to Provincial Communities without a Proper Theatre of Their Own



A TRAILER BECOMES A THEATRE: Trailer flaps being let down to form the floor of the auditorium of The Century Theatre. Four trailers, each 33½ ft. long, make up the theatre. After being lined up and jacked off the ground, the trailer flaps open to form the theatre's roof and floor. In the heated auditorium there are 225 upholstered, tip-up seats, and a sloping floor ensuring a good view from each seat.

On left—
THE THEATRE IS PUT INTO POSITION: Every member of the company, whether actor or technician, lends a hand. The Century Theatre can be erected by five men in eight hours.

ON THE ROAD—PART OF THE CENTURY THEATRE ON THE MOVE: Three trailers are on the road from Wrexham to Flint. In all, there are thirty-two vehicles in the company, including living quarters for its members. Moves are usually limited to about twenty miles because of the high cost of petrol.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM: Armine Sandford, Peter Smallwood, Wilfred Harrison, and Norma Shebbeare making up for *Twelfth Night*.

LOOKING AFTER THE WARDROBE: Phoebe Waterfield, at the sewing machine, is responsible for the wardrobe. Everyone shares in the general duties.

On left—
ON STAGE: A scene from The Century Theatre's production of *Twelfth Night*. Often the theatre has packed houses; once there was an audience of only eight. Frequently, members of the company meet people who have never been to a theatre in their lives.

On right—
HIGH TEA IN THE DINING HALL: Wilfred Harrison, one of the founders of the theatre, is acting as waiter. Everybody helps with the washing-up.

One of the most remarkable and exciting theatrical enterprises in this country is now in the third year of its existence, and is well on the way to becoming an established institution. It is The Century Theatre, a self-contained playhouse on wheels, which exists to present good plays to communities which might otherwise have little or no opportunity of seeing them. Since September 1952 the company has toured small towns and villages, mainly in the Midlands, and their success has been such that in most cases return visits have been promised.

The theatre came into being more than six years ago when a young actor, Wilfred Harrison, met an engineer and told him about the difficulties of playing on improvised stages in hospitals, schools, prisons, and village halls. The engineer, John Ridley, revealed that he had designed the sort of mobile theatre which would probably meet the needs of the strolling player, and together they formed The Century Theatre.

Ridley's design is imaginative and ingenious, and thoroughly practical. The basis of the theatre is formed by four large trailers which, when lined up side by side and jacked off the ground, and when their flaps are opened, constitute the roof and floor of a theatre. It can be set up in eight hours by five men, and can be easily transported. In the auditorium are 225 upholstered, tip-up seats, and a sloping floor ensures a good view of the stage from each seat. The theatre is weather-proof, and warm; and heating panels fill the gaps between the ends of vehicles. The stage is 33½ ft. wide, the length of a trailer, and 19 ft. deep, and the proscenium opening is 23 ft. Switchboard and turntables are on raised bridges at both sides of the stage, and lighting fixtures are built into the roofs of the trailers. The dressing-rooms behind the stage are the length and width of a large trailer, and in addition there is storage space for stage properties and wash-basins and showers.

But besides this theatre on wheels there are living quarters for the whole company of seventeen people. Each member of the company has a bed-sitting-room, and, in addition, there is a dining hall and a kitchen. Electricity is produced by the theatre's own generators housed on self-propelled vehicles. Altogether, there are thirty-two vehicles in the convoy, which passes through the countryside when The Century Theatre moves from one location to another.

A company of touring players living in this permanent caravan is obviously somewhat remarkable. Each member has his or her own particular responsibility—acting, stage-directing, transport, management, publicity, box-office, cooking, and so on. But in addition, everyone shares in the more general duties. Actors, for instance, help in erecting and dismantling the theatre, and take their share of driving. Everybody, it is said, helps with the washing-up. Every member of the company receives the same pay, and the day-to-day affairs of the theatre are discussed at regular meetings by all members of the company.

The repertory of the company is varied and in some respects unusual. Included in it are *Othello*; *The Miser*, an adaptation of Molière's comedy; a modern domestic drama, *A Man of God*, by Gabriel Marcel; John Whiting's version of *Sacrifice to the Wind*, by André Obey; Somerset Maugham's *The Sacred Flame*; and a new version of *The Rose and the Ring*. The acting is of a high standard, and the audiences are appreciative. It has been known for the audience to be as small as eight, but more often all 225 seats in the auditorium are taken. Sometimes people tell members of the company that they had never been to a theatre before. Once an old man walked six miles every night to see the play. It is that sort of appreciation which is perhaps the greatest reward for these enterprising actors, and must make the years of hard work which have gone into establishing the theatre seem very worth while to Wilfred Harrison and John Ridley.

NORTH AMERICAN WINTER

Icy Scenes from New York, Chicago and Niagara during a Record Cold Spell

On left—

A COLD FRONT IN CHICAGO: The North Avenue beach of Lake Michigan is seen cluttered with great slabs of ice during the recent cold spell which enveloped the North American continent. In the background is the Gold Coast apartment section of the city. From many parts of the United States record low temperatures were reported. A three-mile stretch of the Hudson River, between Nyack and Tarrytown, was frozen over for the first time since 1918, and in New York the mercury went down to zero deg. Fah.—the lowest for seven years, and the lowest temperature for early February in the eighty-four years of the city's weather bureau.

On left—

"LIBERTÉ" RUNS INTO TROUBLE AGAIN: The French liner is seen as a tug tries vainly to nudge her into dock at pier 88, North River. The river was packed with so much ice that three attempts had to be made before the liner could tie up. The *Liberté* caught fire while under construction in 1929 and was sunk to save the hull from destruction. She was later refloated and has frequently made news with her subsequent, but lesser, mishaps.

On right—

A FROZEN FISHING-BOAT: *The Bay* is seen at Boston after spending an icy ten days fishing off the Nova Scotia Brown Banks. There was no danger of her cargo of 100,000 lb. of haddock going bad.

SNOW ADDS TO THE BEAUTY OF NIAGARA: This view, looking down to Terrapin Point, overlooking the Horseshoe Falls, shows the Canadian shore beyond. The area is expected to become a popular observation point after steps have been taken to halt erosion.

SHIPS MAROONED IN A RIVER: This string of tugs and lighters was stuck in the River Hudson when it froze over for the first time in thirty-seven years. The coastguard cutter *Mahoning*, whose bows can be seen in the foreground, was on an ice-breaking trip, during which she rescued the lighter *Ellery Wright*, the tug *Bon* and some barges, all of which can be seen behind.

ALPINE LANDSLIDE AND AVALANCHE

In Switzerland a Road and a Railway were Blocked; Helicopters Supplied Communities Cut off by Snow

LANDSLIDES CUT SWISS ROAD COMMUNICATIONS: Police are helping inhabitants and visitors over the section of the Martigny-Orsières road in Switzerland, which had been blocked by landslide. The highway leads to the St. Bernard Pass. This was one of several areas on the Continent which suffered last week from landslides or avalanches. In the French Alpine resort of Val D'Isère, 3,000 holidaymakers were cut off by snow. Landslides blocked roads in the Italian Alps and in the Austrian Tyrol. Snow obstructed highways in Central Germany and, in South Sweden, caused a power breakdown.

BOULDERS BLOCK THE RAILWAY: The vast rocks had come down in the landslide on to the Martigny-Orsières line. Although conditions in many parts of Switzerland soon improved, the damage on the Railway was so bad that the track was not expected to be cleared for two weeks.

A HELICOPTER TO THE RESCUE: *Above*—A Bell helicopter takes off from Ambri Airfield, in Switzerland. Its mission was to supply the power station in the St. Gothard Pass, which had been cut off by an avalanche. *On left*—The picture was taken from the helicopter as it approached its landing-ground in the St. Gothard. Helicopters were also used to replenish other high points round the St. Gothard where people were isolated. It was the first time this method had been attempted. One helicopter landed at a height of 6,935 ft.

ON THEIR WAY TO THE START OF THE SKI-RUNS: With the snow-covered landscape glistening in the sun, the skiers are seen making their way to the Weissfluhjoch (8,737 ft.), a popular spot in the Parsenn area, near Davos. This picturesque region of Switzerland extends over about 80 sq. miles, from its highest point, the Weissfluh (9,341 ft.), over the Strela Pass to the Korbshorn; over the Parsenn Furka to Gotschna; or over the Strassberger Furka to the Hochwang. An outstanding feature in the area is the Parsenn Cable Railway, the upper terminal station of which is the Weissfluhjoch. It enables the Parsenn to compete for the attention of winter sports enthusiasts with such resorts as St. Moritz, pictures of which appear on pages 304-05.

SKI-ING IN THE PARSENN

The Lovely Tract of Open Alpine Country in the Davos Area, which Provides some of the Best Ski-runs in Switzerland

C DING DOWN THE SLOPES IN THE PARSENN: A group of skiers enjoying the snow and the spaciousness of this magnificent part of the Swiss Alps. Despite its great popularity, the Parsenn is large enough to make overcrowding on any one slope unlikely.

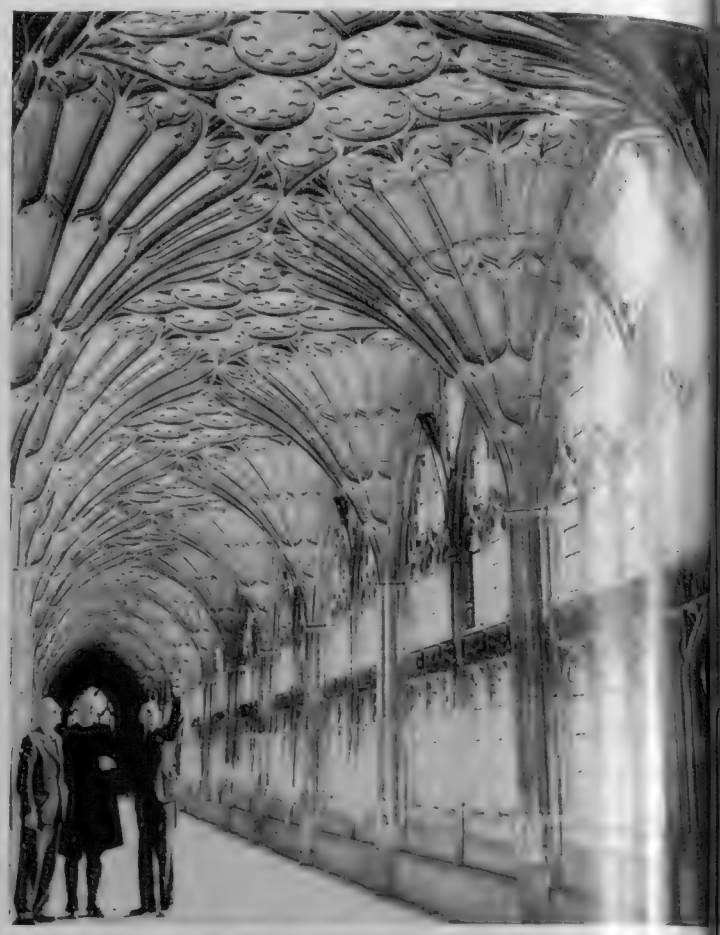
PREPARING FOR THE DESCENT: Against a background of breathtaking alpine ranges, skiers are seen preparing for their downhill runs after reaching the Weissfluhjoch by the Parsenn Cable Railway, over 2½ miles long, whose upper terminal station is situated there.

THE SKI-ING PARADISE: Some skiers are setting off on a run, while others remain behind in the restaurant on the Weissfluhjoch to drink their chocolate and enjoy the panorama of superb mountain-ranges.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

News Pictures of Recent Events in England and Scotland

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL IN DANGER : The fabric of the roof may collapse unless urgent work is done. This warning was given by the Dean, the Very Rev. S. J. A. Evans, at a luncheon in Gloucester in aid of the Cathedral Fabric Appeal Fund. He announced that the target has been raised from £100,000 to £150,000, because of the increase in building costs. The Dean said that a most serious feature of their enormous burden of repair in the Cathedral was that so much needed doing at once. In this picture of the South Aisle (built in 1318) it can been seen that the buttresses are badly worn. The windows of the South Transept behind are in the early Perpendicular style.



FAN VAULTING IN GLOUCESTER CLOISTERS : This is one of the many remarkable features in these cloisters, which are the largest in England. They were built between 1351 and 1412. Much of the vaulting has deteriorated badly in recent years and needs immediate attention.

A SHIP WHICH IS TO SEARCH FOR OIL UNDER THE SEA : The *Seislim*, the first British ship to be specially fitted out for geophysical exploration at sea, is seen at the Royal Albert Dock in London, before leaving to carry out a charter assignment in Far Eastern waters. *On left*—One of the three winches at the stern of the ship is tested by an engineer. The *Seislim*, of 1,000 tons, is owned by Seismograph Services Limited, the British subsidiary of an American firm, and at one time served in the Royal Navy as H.M.S. *Kingcup*, a corvette. Three winches are carried at the stern. One tows a geophone, a delicate recording instrument, and the other two are used for exploding dynamite charges. The sound waves from the explosions penetrate the sea bed, sometimes to a depth of 20,000 ft., and the "echoes" are recorded by the geophone. A map of the sea bed can be made from the vibrations recorded in this manner. A helicopter is carried by the ship, which is engaged in the explorations for a large oil company.

A BUYING SPREE AT THE ABERDEEN-ANGUS SHOW AT PERTH : The packed enclosure inside the selling ring of the Perth Auction Mart during the bidding for the supreme champion bull Newhouse Paramount. This animal was bought by Sir William Rootes for the record price of 11,500 gns. The runner-up in the bidding was the Earl of Rosebery. Many animals were sold to overseas buyers, and on the first day a total of forty-three bulls valued at 75,160 gns. were bought for export.

AN ADAM FAÇADE IS THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION: Number 45, Portland Place, in London, which was built by the Adam Brothers in 1775, is threatened with destruction. This would mar the effect of the whole terrace, which is regarded as one of the finest examples of the brothers' work. The London County Council oppose the destruction and are taking steps to save the façade.

A HELICOPTER AIDS A DRIFTING WARSHIP: The submarine depot ship *Montclare* was being towed by tugs 25 miles west of the Scilly Islands when she broke adrift in a gale. She was on her way from the Fleet Reserve station at Faslane, on the Clyde, to Portsmouth for a refit. The helicopter is seen helping to re-connect the tow ropes.

On left—

A "SNOW-BLOWER": Edinburgh is using this ingenious device from Switzerland. Powered by an 8-horse-power engine, it blows snow to the sides of roads or gathers it into its tall funnel to load into a lorry, as is shown in this picture.

THE MERCHANT NAVY'S WAR MEMORIAL: Mr. Charles Wheeler, C.B.E., R.A., the distinguished sculptor, stands between two of his figures for the Memorial, on which he has been working for two years. The figures are in high relief and will be placed round the wall of a sunken garden on Tower Hill, which has been designed by Sir Edward Maufe. The theme of the sculpture is the Seven Seas. Here are "Triton," on the left, and a "Boy Triton" on the right.

A BIG PROBLEM FOR BRITISH RAILWAYS: A 96-ton cast steel rolling mill housing, which has been constructed by Messrs. Beardmore and Company, of Parkhead, in Glasgow, is seen on the special wagon, which carried it from Glasgow to Berwick, and from there to Sheffield. This massive cargo, which is over 23 ft. long and 8 ft. wide, is the second of four housings to be built for the steelworks of Richard Thomas Baldwin Ltd., at Ebbw Vale. To clear obstructions beside the railway line, a special wagon, allowing the load to be moved 1 ft. either side, was used.

SALMON FISHING OPENS ON THE TAY: These two pictures show scenes at the start of the season on the famous Scottish salmon river between Perth and Dundee. *On left*—Two 20-pound salmon which were taken on the early days. But expectations of large catches were not generally fulfilled. *On right*—Fishermen are hauling in their nets at the conclusion of a cast.

MOTORING COSTS AND ROAD PLANS

A Further Increase in the Cost of Motoring; the Minister of Transport's New Plan for Britain's Roads; and Other News of the Motoring World

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

UP, up, up goes the cost of motoring. Not long ago the petrol companies slapped another halfpenny a gallon on the price of petrol of all grades. Now tyres and inner tubes are to cost more.

They have gone up by 7½ per cent. and 10–12½ per cent. respectively. "A tyre for a typical small family car will cost 6s. 8d. more" state the Dunlop Company. A tyre for a car like the Hillman Minx now costs £5 13s., an increase of 8s. Inner tubes to match have gone up 1s. 6d. to 18s. each.

Dunlops say the latest increase is mainly due to the rising price of raw rubber, which has, indeed, gone up from 1s. 4d. a pound, early last year, to its present price of 2s. 6d. That is nearly double. There have been expensive wage increases in the tyre industry, too.

This is the latest tyre price increase in four months, but we mustn't forget that the three price changes prior to the 5 per cent. rise last October were all cuts: 7½ per cent. in April 1952, 10 per cent. in the following December, and between 5 and 7½ per cent. in May 1953.

The thing that puzzles and disturbs the average motorist is the fact that (as is the case with petrol) if one firm alters the price of its tyres, so do all the rest—and usually by precisely the same amount. Yet both industries look grieved and pained if any mention is made in their hearing of that horrible thing, the price ring.

I think we all expected something rather better than the road plan put before Parliament the other day by the Minister of Transport, Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter. I, personally, don't think it goes far enough. It lacks the bold, imaginative approach demanded by Britain's road crisis, following years of neglect. Yet if the Government drives ahead with a real sense of urgency on this half-scale programme a very great improvement could be effected in the next few years to our deplorably inadequate road system.

That is what really matters now: the degree of determination shown by Mr. Boyd-Carpenter and his colleagues in dealing with this vital matter in the next twelve months. Let us sincerely hope that this new plan, modest though it is, will not go the way of all the other road programmes presented with a mighty fanfare of trumpets over the last twenty years.

If you add up all the items of *proposed* expenditure mentioned by the Minister when he made his statement, it comes to a total of £212,000,000. Very impressive, but let 's analyse that total. It is proposed to *authorise* £147,000,000 in the next four years. Note that word "authorise." Don't confuse it with the word "spend."

Actually, that figure of £147,000,000 may not be fully spent for six or seven years, possibly longer. An inspired guess puts the figure of actual expenditure during the next four years at £97,250,000, with £8,250,000 going in the first year (1955–56) and £42,000,000 in the last of the period (1958–59).

Over and above this projected spending of £147,000,000 the Government propose to build a 150-mile, twin-track motor road from London to Yorkshire at a cost of £45,000,000 and another, 80 miles long, from Preston to Birmingham, for £20,000,000. But Mr. Boyd-Carpenter does not pretend that even the first half of the London-Yorkshire motor road—Britain's first—can be started for a few years.

These motor roads are just what Britain needs. From the north end of a new St. Alban's by-pass, the new road to Yorkshire will sweep past Luton and cut the A45 half-way between Weedon and Northampton. With dual-carriageways, 36 ft. wide, throughout the first 70-mile section to Rugby, this great new traffic artery will plunge straight across the countryside.

It will pass over or under all obstructions, will be limited to cars, lorries, coaches and motor-cycles, and will have very few points of access throughout its entire length. On the second section of this truly great north road the carriageways will be reduced in width to 24 ft.

Where these motor-ways meet other roads they will normally cross them by means of "fly-overs" and the Minister proposes to give two-sided access from these "fly-overs" to the secondary road. He has been advised that these will absorb less agricultural land than the more familiar "clover-leaf" pattern. Already, however, *The Times* has pointed out that this British concept of the fly-over would create two dangerous T-junctions on the road crossing the motor-way.

The appalling urgency of this road problem of ours was spotlighted the other day when the Transport Ministry put out the road accident figures for 1954. The total number of people injured—238,318—was 11,548 more than in 1953, and only 628 fewer than in our all-time "black" year, 1934.

Fewer people were killed last year—deaths were actually down by eighty-two—and children figured less tragically in the year's statistics, but by and large we have much to be ashamed of in this tale of needless slaughter.

Better roads can do much to improve these accident figures, but there is no sovereign remedy. Many things are wrong. There must be better traffic control (including pedestrians), a higher standard of driving, more efficient maintenance of all road vehicles, improved road surfaces and street lighting—and more effective education in road courtesy.

In this connection I am glad to note that in April road safety committees all over Britain are to launch a special publicity campaign for the new Highway Code, copies of which should be freely available towards the end of next month. The campaign is being planned by the Ministry of Transport, the Central Office of Information and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.

For quiet comfort on a long journey which you want to complete feeling reasonably fresh, I can think of few cars to beat the Daimler Regency, which I recently borrowed for a few days. It is a true six-seater, powered by a 6-cylinder engine of 3½ litres, and costs £1,640 plus £684 purchase tax. That makes a total of £2,324. It is a lot more than the price of certain quantity-produced 3½-litre saloons of British manufacture and outstanding performance, but I think a direct comparison between them is both unfair and unprofitable.

Even the builders of these cheaper cars would agree that the finish of the Daimler and the general quality of its workmanship put it in a class apart. Don't forget, too, that the incidence of purchase tax operates unfairly against these higher-priced cars. It seriously exaggerates the difference between the actual list prices.

THE DAIMLER REGENCY MK. II SALOON: Fitted with a 3½-litre engine, this "true six-seater" costs £1,640, plus £684 purchase tax. Top speed is around 85 m.p.h.

The Regency is fitted with the traditional Daimler fluid flywheel and pre-selector gear-box—a combination which many hardened motorists think is still superior to the more modern automatic transmission with two-pedal control. It makes this big vehicle extremely easy to drive. And what a quiet car the Regency is! How smoothly it glides along, even when you are cruising at 70 m.p.h.

Top speed is around 85 m.p.h. and fuel consumption normally works out at about 18 miles to the gall

If you are thinking of a motoring holiday in the Scottish Highlands and are inclined to be put off by the long preliminary journey—a thousand or so miles there and back if you live in the deep South—you will be interested to know that British Railways are offering a "cars by rail" service this summer, between King's Cross and Perth.

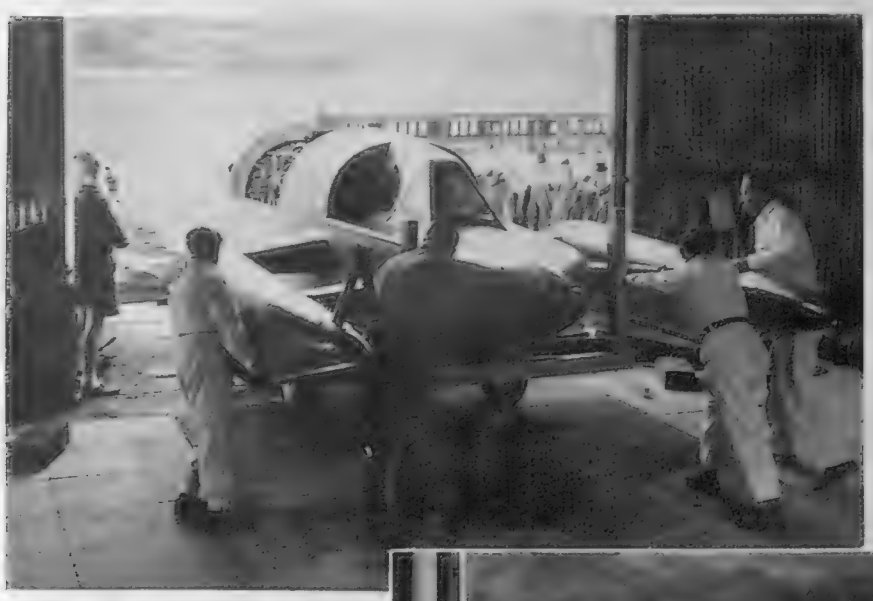
Special car trains will run between these places every Wednesday and Sunday from June 15 to September 18 inclusive. Return trips will be on Tuesdays and Saturdays. The cars will be carried in specially-fitted vans—covered in, of course, and each accommodating two vehicles. Return fares are: £15 for car and driver, £4 10s. for adult passengers, and £3 5s. for children (three to fourteen years).

Let 's finish with some notes about motor sport. First, congratulations to Peter Whitehead and Ken Wharton on winning the Sir Malcolm Campbell Memorial Trophy awarded annually by the R.A.C. to the British driver or drivers considered to have made the most outstanding performance in a competition in a British car. They get the trophy for their win in a Jaguar in the twelve-hour sports car race at Rheims last year.

Speaking of Jaguars . . . did you know that Mike Hawthorn has signed to drive sports cars for Mr. William Lyons' firm this season? What an interesting position this creates, to be sure, between Mike and Stirling Moss! Last year Mike was driving foreign cars—Ferraris—in both Grand Prix and sports car races, while until recently his friend Stirling refused to drive anything that wasn't British.

Stirling wisely modified his outlook last season, when he drove an Italian Maserati, though he continued to drive for Jaguars. Now Moss is driving German Mercedes cars (both Grand Prix and sports), and has already made a good start in the Argentine.

Hawthorn, on the other hand, has gone "all British." For in addition to his work for Jaguars he has contracted to drive No. 1 in Mr. Tony Vandervell's team of Vanwall Specials. What a bit of luck for Bill Lyons! He would have had a job to replace Moss in his team for Le Mans, Rheims and elsewhere, if Hawthorn had not become unexpectedly available.



A NEW "BLUEBIRD" TAKES THE WATER: Mechanics are seen preparing the £25,000 2½-ton turbo-jet hydroplane *Bluebird* for thirty-three-year-old Donald Campbell's attempt at the world water speed record on Ullswater, Cumberland. Campbell, who has chosen the same name for his craft as that made famous by his father, Sir Malcolm Campbell, is aiming for 200 m.p.h. *Bluebird* is powered by a Metropolitan Vickers Beryl turbo-jet engine. The present world water speed record of 178.497 m.p.h. was set in 1952 by Stanley Sayres, near Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.

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CLASSICAL REVIVALS

IN LONDON, CAMBRIDGE AND PARIS; AND A NEW PLAY IN EDINBURGH

A NEW "KING RICHARD II" AT THE OLD VIC: Mr. John Neville in the title role, and Virginia McKenna as the Queen, in Michael Benthall's production. This was the first big leading role played by Mr. Neville in London. He is twenty-nine, and came to the Old Vic from the Birmingham Repertory Company and the Bristol Old Vic. The production stresses the point that Richard was a man of great sense and understanding, but with little political wisdom, who does not realise until too late that a high position carries with it high responsibilities. On March 1 John Neville is to play Orlando in *As You Like It*; and, later in the season, in *Henry IV*, Parts I and II, he will take the parts of Hotspur and Pistol.

On left—

AN IRISH ST. JOAN AT ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE: Siobhan McKenna in the name part of Bernard Shaw's play which has recently been transferred from the Arts Theatre to St. Martin's, thus bringing a great performance within reach of many more people. Like Shaw, Siobhan McKenna is a native of Dublin, and the Irish voice is particularly suited to the Irish prose. The production was first put on at the Arts Theatre in September and began at St. Martin's last week. Much of the credit for Miss McKenna's performance must go to the producer, John Fernald, whose skill both in cutting and direction is seen at its best. Charles Lloyd Pack made a convincing Inquisitor and presented St. Joan with an opponent worthy of her. At the end of the first performance at the St. Martin's, the audience were reluctant to let Miss McKenna leave the stage, and, indeed, it was her personal triumph at the Arts Theatre which was responsible for the play being moved.

A CENTENARY PERFORMANCE BY THE CAMBRIDGE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB: A scene from the Cambridge production of *Hamlet*, which was performed to mark the hundredth anniversary of the Club. The script was based on the "First Quarto," a disputed text published in 1603 and discovered in 1821. Other events have been planned to mark the centenary year.

A METEMPSYCHIC PUSSYCAT: Miss Joan Greenwood plays the part of Selina, a cat who has had more than her allotted nine lives, in a new play, *The Moon and the Chimney*, by Ladislas Fodor. The production is now running at the Lyceum Theatre in Edinburgh. The play tells of the adventures of a cat, who has seen many wonders during her multiple transmigrations, and a young American writer, George Merlin, played by David Knight. George is working as an artist in a Paris studio when discovered by Selina. Linda, George's editor and lover, played by Eileen Peel, arrives on the scene, but finds herself thwarted by Selina's seductive purrings. Joan Newell, who gives a spirited performance as an artist's model, is also there to pull the triangle slightly out of shape. This modern fable was first produced in Vienna and is now running in Madrid as well as in Edinburgh.

On left—

JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT PLAYS IN "VOLPONE" ONCE AGAIN: The distinguished French actor, who in 1931 made his debut in this play, is seen in the part of Corbaccio. On the right is Fernand Ledoux, as Volpone. In the background is Jules Romain, who adapted the play for this production at the Marigny Theatre, Paris.

The World of Books

NOT FAIR TO FAIRBANKS

A Biography of Embarrassments; Some Fine New Novels of the American Scene; Elizabeth Coxhead and a Heroine Upon Arran

HERE is a most embarrassing biography, a most uncomfortable book. It is hard to know quite why it has been allowed to go wrong, because the subject is in every way so eminently worthy, he has so much to commend him to the world at large, such a great record in his chosen profession, such a fine record in the annals of war. But there it is, embarrassment writ large on many a page; there are numerous false notes amid the true, and altogether there is very little contact with reality. The subject is Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., a man whose friendship for Britain has shone so brightly in the war years and after. The author is Brian Connell, a journalist of ability.

KNIGHT ERRANT (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) perhaps suffers most from the fact that the author is over careful in his approach; he wants to be so sure that we understand Fairbanks aright. From the outset Mr. Connell tells us that it took him three months to persuade Fairbanks to let him write his biography, then adds hastily, "I hope I have not abused his prodigal co-operation." The early chapters dealing with young Douglas in his first days of film work and during his marriage to Joan Crawford are natural enough and full of good stories, and we see quite clearly that although his father's fame opened doors to him, they were not necessarily the doors of Hollywood studios. It is in its later chapters that this biography takes on a stilted air, and when Douglas finally receives his honorary K.B.E. from King George VI, the reader may feel that this is all most awkwardly put. We are not even spared the assurance that it is no more proper to call Fairbanks Sir Douglas than it is to call Eisenhower Sir Dwight.

This record of a young man's friendship for England ought to be most readable, but it manifestly is not. What does emerge, however, is that Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., is a man with a great sense of public duty, an urge to help his fellow men, with a mind that overleaps national boundaries, and with a heart, like that of Henry James, that is very much at home in this London of ours. We have, indeed, great reason to be grateful to him, and he certainly deserves a less lush biography.

Hamilton Basso shares with Theodore Dreiser and Hervey Allen the ability to unfold the American scene in a way that completely absorbs the reader, not least the reader on this side of the Atlantic. He is a novelist of power and subtlety and a superb craftsman, and one suspects he is never happier than when depicting American middle-class society, whether it be in the business world of Manhattan or in the old South, where the aristocratic tradition does more than linger. It may well prove in subsequent novels—and the more the merrier—that Mr. Basso's talents are in no way confined to a section of society. But for the moment let us be content that in POMPEY'S HEAD (Collins. 15s.) he has written a superb novel about modern middle-class Americans, likeable and interesting people, whose activities he clothes with quiet warmth and charm. At the same time he maintains an atmosphere of suspense aroused by the little legal tangle of the 20,000 dollars-worth of royalties which Philip Greene, the New York publisher, removed in the course of twenty-one years from the account of his best-selling author, Garvin Wales. To unravel this mystery—for surely it is not just plain larceny—Anson Page, a rising young New York lawyer, journeys down to his boyhood home at Pompey's Head, somewhere on the line south to Miami, and there he sets about his quiet, gentlemanly investigation, only to find himself hopelessly caught up amid the sights and scenes of his youth, and entangled, too, in an affair of the heart that makes his comfortable home and nice wife away back in New York seem humdrum enough. Mr. Basso rounds off his story superbly well, with the lawyer (his main mission accomplished and much else done besides) boarding the Pullman en route for New York and sanity, the elegances of domestic life, and the richly lucrative everyday round of the legalistic world.

This week Americana seems to dominate the literary scene, and here is another book of undoubted quality and certainly of distinctive savour. In THE TREASURES OF DARKNESS (Collins. 10s. 6d.) Cornelia Jessey takes us on a two-day train journey across half the American Continent to Deniza, Arizona. It is a war-time train journey, and many of the train's passengers are outward bound for the battle-fronts of Europe. One of them is Helena Honey, but she is homeward bound to Deniza, called back by the news that her father, Jud, is being held for the murder of her mother. On the train Helena reviews the events of her rather lurid, tragic, muddled past, the yearnings of adolescence, and the chaotic drifting of the '20's when she was a young woman. *The Treasures of Darkness* is, in many ways, a compelling book. It offers neither hope nor comfort, but it has the quality of discernment and the nobility of deep understanding.

Another American writer who conjures up the American atmosphere well, even though her story-telling is a trifle naïve, is Ruth Moore, who has a flair for the history of her country and, in particular, for the history of the Maine coast towns which she knows so well. In A FAIR WIND HOME (Heinemann. 15s.) she gives a truly living picture of Boston in the eighteenth century, of what people talked about and what they did, of their ceaseless striving to get beyond British taxation and British dominance, their eagerness to "go off the map" into the wilderness that was to be the new America. This is grand, adventurous stuff, and we follow the fortunes of Nathan Ellis, of Massachusetts, Francis Carnarvon, of Cork, and Maynard Cantril, of Maine, with interest as they work with pioneering zeal to establish themselves amid the wild grandeur of the Crookshank River.

John Coates has gone to a great deal of trouble to implant an element of romance and an element of mystery to the natural suspense of a fine seafaring tale in his new book, TRUE AS A TURTLE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.). He has produced at one and the same time a study in post-marital adjustment, a practical treatise on navigation in the English Channel and, in particular, in the region of the Minquiers, and an account of a holiday voyage from the Hamble to Dinard and St. Malo. Somehow or other, amid all the changes and chances of approach and treatment, Mr. Coates has been most successful. We are with him all the way, and he makes life in the confined and cabined space of the *Turtle* very real indeed, with Ella handing up the cups of steaming tea, the glasses of vin rouge and the tots of rum in steady succession, despite the vilest buffetings of wind and wave; and the newly-married Tony and Jane sorting out their initial differences in the far from easy circumstances of a storm-tossed cross-Channel voyage. John Coates has a blithe, easy style and an engaging delicacy.

In the writing of Elizabeth Coxhead there is infinite promise, and from novel to novel a steady fulfilment. Her horizons loom boldly, but she reaches them by quiet ways, and there is no nervous literary striving. THE FIGURE IN THE MIST (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is set in the Isle of Arran, far from the midland town of her last two books. Her heroine, Agnes Flint, is a determined young student with plenty of brains and very little experience, and we find her in a golden Arran summer earning her vacation keep in the home of the Ogilvys, where she does the chores, lives *en famille* and inevitably becomes involved in family affairs. From this promising setting Miss Coxhead reaps her full reward, in part, of course, because she knows and loves the Highlands and the islands so well, and has no doubt found in them that same peace and serenity which she offers her distracted heroine. *The Figure in the Mist* is a refreshing novel, and the rock-climbing episodes are excellently well done.

To emulate the Somerset Maugham technique would be fatal, indeed, for one who drew his inspiration from the same corner of the world. But it must be said that Johan Fabricius, in his stories of the East Indian Archipelago, which an older Dutch writer once described as "encircling the Equator like a girdle of emerald," casts the same kind of aura as Maugham over his tales. This latest selection is delightful, and GIRDLE OF EMERALD (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is full of diversity. Best of all, perhaps, is the story *Black Magic*, in which a straightlaced Dutchman's servants seek to divert their master from the straight and narrow path of virtue while his wife is away in Europe. This could surely only have been written by one who has explored the minds and hearts of Java's people, and that Johan Fabricius has striven to do ever since his schooldays in the island.

In THE DIARY OF AN UGLY DUCKLING (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) Marianne Becker weaves an infinitely more complicated pattern than anything Miss Coxhead might be expected to present, but this portrayal of a teen-age French girl, the awkward Cinderella Cra-Cra, who lives in a Paris suburb with a mother who dislikes her and two prettier sisters whom she envies, none the less, comes down in the final analysis to a girl's remorseless striving for awareness. This is Marianne Becker's first novel, but clearly enough not her first literary effort, for it possesses atmosphere and polish.

CASTLE MINERVA (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is Victor Canning's latest thriller. When David Fraser accepts the offer of £500 to undertake a mission for the man to whom he owes his life he starts off upon an adventure that mounts to a thrilling climax on the Mediterranean coast.

Montgomery Hyde has been surveying the history of crime for quite a number of years, and this Harmsworth Law Scholar of the Middle Temple has a light touch which one does not usually associate with the legal profession when it gets down to word spinning. His latest book, UNITED IN CRIME (Heinemann. 15s.), is really a miscellany of significant cases, but the earlier part is devoted to the work of two eminent British lawyers, whom the author has known personally, Sir Travers Humphreys and Lord Simon. The author has selected twelve of Sir Travers' cases, with arson, blackmail, forgery, fraud, homicide and robbery as the principal offences under discussion.

THE BIG PUFF (Constable. 10s. 6d.) is Thomas Whiteside's gay review of the fantastic field of American propaganda. This is lighthearted stuff, with a full measure of truth behind it, and when we are asked to believe that in a post-war recognition test more Americans recognised an advertiser's cow than they did the face of General Eisenhower, well we just do believe it. *The Big Puff* has no big surprises, but it is full of fun at the expense of some obviously over-serious people.

Finally here are two books for the travel and adventure-minded. Philippe Diolé's THE SEAS OF SICILY (Sidgwick and Jackson. 12s. 6d.) takes us under water pioneering round that great Mediterranean island. Hitherto, the author tells us, our memory of the world "has rested on a little more than a quarter of the planet. All the rest is fantasy. The aquatic fringe round which we dreamed is changing from a poetic image to a challenging reality." Philippe Diolé is one of those who, by his enthusiasm in under-water exploration, is helping us to perceive that reality.

THE ASCENT OF ALPAMAYO (Harrap. 15s.) is an account by Georges Kogan and Nicole Leininger of the ascent of one of the great massifs of the Southern Hemisphere, in the Cordillera Blanca of the High Andes. Alpamayo was conquered on August 13, 1951, and this book is a tribute to a great technical achievement and feat of human endurance by the Franco-Belgian Expedition of that year.

Richard Edmonds

A DORSET MEMORIAL TO LAWRENCE OF ARABIA: The cenotaph to T. E. Lawrence by Eric Kennington, in St. Martin's Church at Wareham; the actual grave of Lawrence is at near-by Moreton. In a review in a recent issue of THE SPHERE of Richard Aldington's *Lawrence of Arabia*, Vernon Fane said that the book was certain to create a sensation which would cause the biography to be argued, denounced and defended for many years to come. This it most surely has done and the book has revived interest in a character who, ever since his death, has been the subject of much speculation.

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Egon Caesar Conte Corti's new biography of **ALEXANDER VON BATTENBERG** (Cassell. 30s.), *which records events in the Balkans prior to the First World War, has been translated by E. M. Hodgson.*

The new edition of **MANNERS AND RULES OF GOOD SOCIETY** (Warne. 8s. 6d.), *by a Member of The Aristocracy, first published in* 1940, *has been completely revised by Joan Storey.*

Jane Gordon, with the help of several "Experts in the Home," has compiled a new and useful book for housewives, and it is entitled **HOUSEHOLD KNOWLEDGE** (Faber. 12s. 6d.). *The illustrations are by Roger Tamman.*

GUIDE TO THE PLANETS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.), *by Patrick Moore, is a guide for those engaged upon actual telescopic observation of the planets and for those who wish to learn something about our neighbour worlds. There are many illustrations.*

STARTLING STORIES (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) *is a collection by Samuel Mines, of science fiction tales which have been published in "Startling Stories Magazine" during the past few years.*

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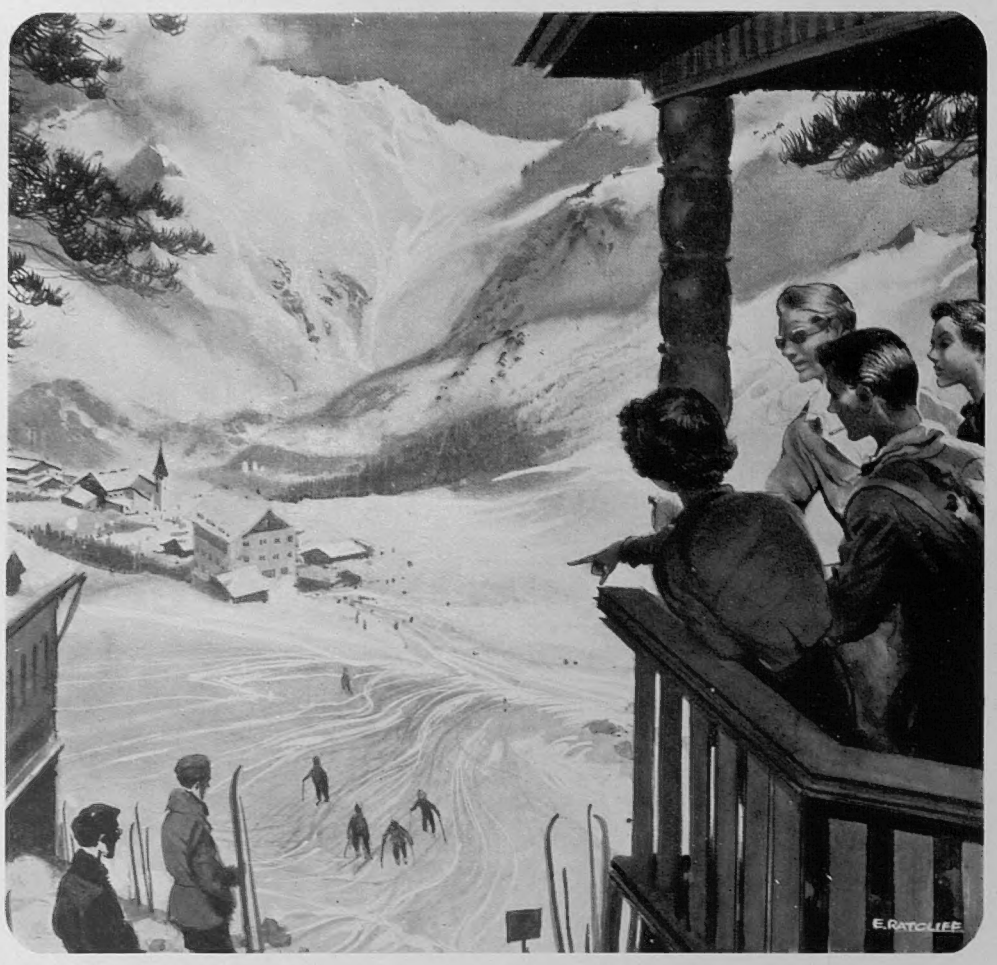

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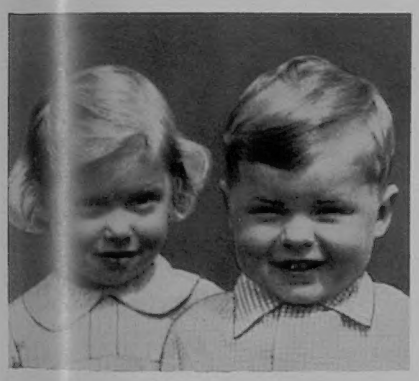

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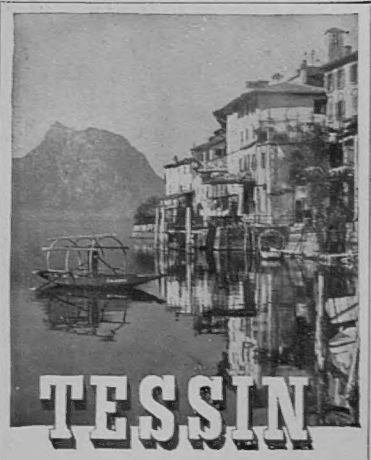

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